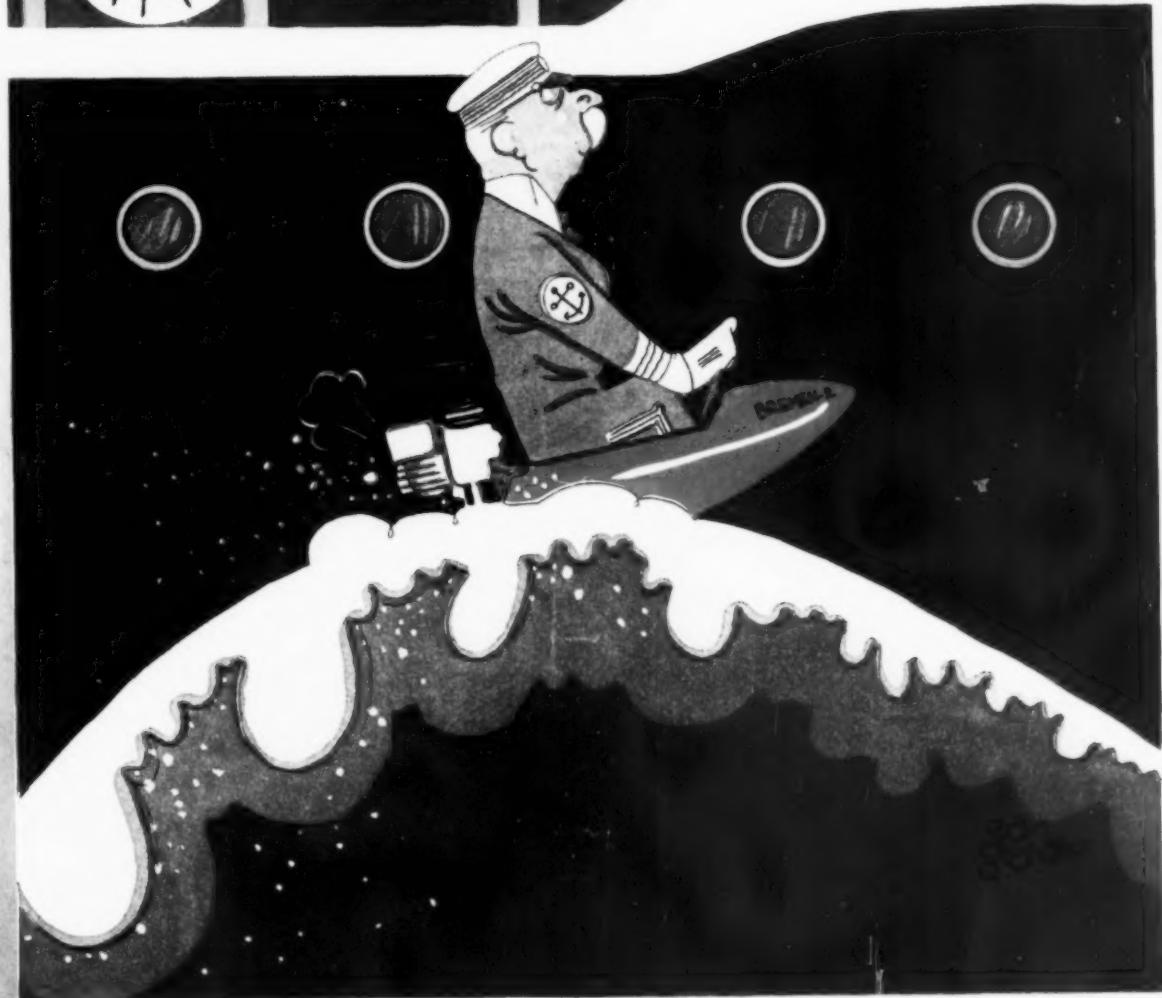
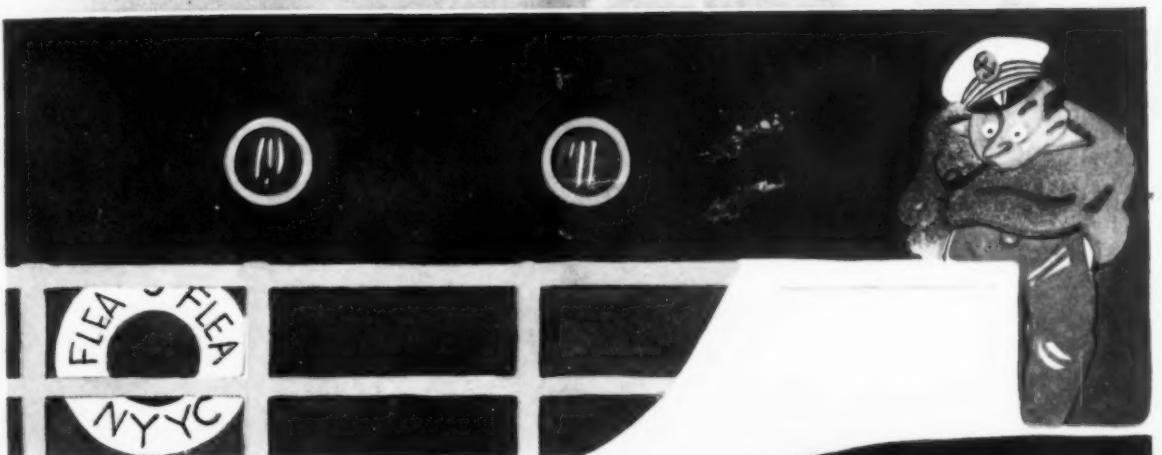


June  
6,  
1930

# Life

Price  
10  
Cents

A14





*. . . at less than a penny per mile . . . !*

### the bantam AUSTIN...for the individual journeys

Who gets the family car today?  
Squabble! Squabble! Squabble!

The American Austin brings peace  
to bickering families.

It comes to take over all the one and  
two passenger family transportation  
jobs. Save the 5 passenger car for 5  
passenger duty. You can dash off any-  
where in the bantam Austin without  
counting the cost, for there is very  
little cost to count.

It's the thriftiest car imaginable! 40  
miles on a gallon of gas. 1,000 miles  
on a 2 quart filling of oil. 20,000 to  
40,000 miles on a set of tires. Total  
cost for gas, oil and tires is about  
three-quarters of a penny per mile.

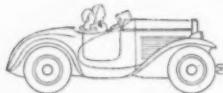
As a second car it will  
pay for itself in the  
expensive big car mileage it  
saves . . . and the costly

big car depreciation that it prevents.  
This means two-car convenience at  
an operating cost of one car.

Miles of driving will not eat up the  
allowance of youngsters. And flaming  
youth, please note . . . there's a blithe,  
young roadster, trim as a drop of water.

Every part, from bumper to bumper,  
is made in America to American stand-  
ards. Its mechanical design, however,  
is that of the Austin of continental  
fame. Has a pedigree of eight record-  
breaking years on all continents.

Go see this car and take your  
prejudices with you. Slip behind  
the wheel. Then decide for your-  
self whether this car is worth its *tiny*  
keep. Write for literature.



AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR CO., INC.,  
7300 WOODWARD AVENUE,  
DETROIT,  
MICHIGAN.



*THE AMERICAN*  
*Austin*



Urquiola Hill Climb, Spain.  
Broke all records. Three cups.

Brooklands Racing Drivers Club, England. 83.53 m. p. h.

Germany, Fahrt Durch Schlesien. First—Second.

Montlhery, France. 24 hour race. Won at 64.75 m. p. h.

Australia. 55.07 miles on one (imperial) gallon of gasoline.

## LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

THESE are the days when the warm holiday glow envelopes our hearts. It is the proper time to speak of LIFE's FRESH AIR ENDOWMENTS.

You already know something about our Camps. You will hear more about them in succeeding issues during the summer, but before we take them up, just a word about our endowment fund.

It started in 1918 when a good friend sent us \$200 as a memorial to the little daughter whom he had lost. He asked us if we could invest it and use the income to send a poor little child to the country each year. We did this and since then our list of endowments has grown steadily, due to the generosity inspired in our good friends by our first benefactor. Such endowments last forever and a day. They work for us during the winter months and blossom out during the summer—in the form of joy and happiness for poor city children. Certainly there is no more satisfactory way of perpetuating the memory of some dear one who has passed on.

LIFE's FRESH AIR CAMPS have not been immune from the steadily increasing cost of living. We have had to increase a Fresh Air Endowment to \$500. This will provide an income of about \$25 and will be sufficient to defray the expenses of one child's holiday at either of LIFE's camps.

It will make it possible, each year, to turn some heavy little heart into a happy one and make some tiny slum-worn body plump and strong.

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following funds which were received during the past winter months to establish additional endowments:

From Miss G. B. Graham, Cleveland, Ohio, to establish

Fresh Air Endowment No. 334  
The James B. Graham Endowment.

From Mr. & Mrs. Fred. Bixby, Long Beach, California, to establish

Fresh Air Endowment No. 335  
In the name of Mr. & Mrs. Fred. Bixby.

From Mrs. Ada T. Huntzinger, San Marino, California, to establish

Fresh Air Endowment No. 336  
In the name of Mrs. Ada T.  
Huntzinger.

From Edward H. Wheeler, Albany, New York, to establish

Fresh Air Endowment No. 337  
An addition to the Yale-Wheeler Fund,  
already established, making the  
fifth in the series.

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund also acknowledges with many thanks receipt of a "Christmas Gift" from the pupils of Rye Country Day School, Rye, New York, consisting of over 100 books and some clothing in fine condition.



"**A. B. A. CHEQUES? SURE WE TAKE THEM!** Seems as if everybody carried them . . . The new ones are as neat as anything we've ever seen . . . You'll sign it over at the desk, please . . . Oh, it'll not be much . . . One of those little ones should do the trick . . ."



You avoid money trouble if you carry A.B.A. Cheques. For the payment of U. S. Customs duties, certified checks are required. A. B. A.'s are the only certified travel Cheques. They are issued in amounts of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$200 in the convenient size of the new United States money. Buy them at your own bank—spend them anywhere.

# A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

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Illustrated above is the Sport Roadster, priced \$555 at the Flint factory

for Economical Transportation



## "... by the company it keeps"

Because motor cars, like people, are known by the company they keep, there is something significant in the vogue of the Chevrolet Six among those whose taste and discrimination are never subject to question.

To be sure, this indicates that Chevrolet provides in full measure those qualities of unfailing dependability, handling ease and smoothness which every fine motor car must possess.

But even more important, it reveals the unusual degree of Chevrolet smartness and bespeaks the distinction of Chevrolet beauty.

Of course, no car regardless of how little it costs should ever be chosen on the basis of appearance alone. Yet how satisfying it is, when you drive a Chevrolet Six, to know it combines with outstanding performance, the style of the finest and costliest cars!

Open Models \$495 and \$555. Closed Models \$565 to \$725, f. o. b. factory  
Flint, Michigan

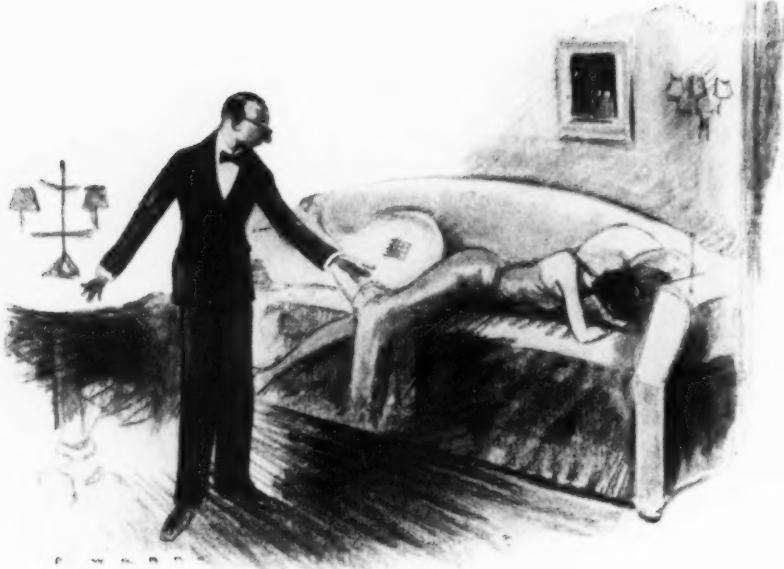
CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH.  
Division of General Motors Corporation

SIX-CYLINDER SMOOTHNESS AT LOW COST

*S*i + *e*



"Hey Mac! Can we make this thing swim?"



*"Does Lindbergh have a mustache?—does Hoover?—does Henry Ford?  
—they're distinguished—aren't they?"*

### Summer Health Hints

#### (Training For Touring)

*What is the proper training for a person who is contemplating, seriously, a tour of the United States by auto? Is there any special diet?*

Yes. For a six-day tour by auto, the dieting should begin two weeks in advance. Start in moderately by consuming six hot dogs and four soft drinks the first day. As the time set for departure draws near the ration increases until it reaches twelve hot dogs and ten soft drinks daily, interspersed by any amount of candy, popcorn, ice cream cones, pickles, tinned meats and other innocent snacks.

Eat only between meals. If you are hungry at mealtime drink a glass of water. Or, better still, simply sit and wish there was some place where you could get a glass of water. Solid foods at mealtime spoil your appetite for between times.

As for physical exercises, bowing to everyone you meet develops the back muscles for pumping up tires. Standing on your head hardens it so you won't mind when it bumps against the top of the car. Put two office boys in your one office chair. Sit between them all day. Then when you take your place at the steering wheel you won't notice that three-fourths of the seat is stacked with bundles and suitcases.

You will discover many beautiful bits of scenery on your proposed trip. Tearing yourself away from them is going to require will power. A good tearing away exercise is needed. Ask the president of your bank to let you peep into the vault. Gaze long and earnestly at the sacks of money there, meanwhile imagining it is all yours. Then throw your hand over your eyes and tear yourself away. Leaving any good movie before the final reel is also an excellent tearing away exercise.

—Tom Sims.

### The First Twenty Years

"Married life isn't so bad."

"Oh, it's all right after you get to be a trusty."

### Sounds Familiar

"Don't you think we ought to call on those new people who have moved in next door? They look fearfully lonesome."

"What's the name?"

"Sounds something like Coolidge."

—Good Hunch.

If the nation's plumbers are wide-awake they'll get together and hire Chic Sale to write a book that will do for their profession what his first two volumes did for the small town lumber business.

### Solved!

"I can't make heads or tails of this time table."

"Let's go up and ask the engineer what his plans are."

"Don't you think it terrible to hold up all these criminals as heroes to the small boys of our common country?"

"Maybe, but it does take the pressure off of Lindy and Byrd."



*"Hmml! A wedding party!"*



"Aw—willya, Mac, lend us your line—I got a swell worm here all goin' to waste!"

## Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

There is no excuse for dying in California. —*Arthur Brisbane.*

Let our first devoted thought be always of the King. —*Mussolini.*

I venture to predict that never again will war of any character be supported by the Church.

—*Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.*

Prohibition is the lone achievement of evangelical Christianity.

—*Heywood Broun.*

Divorce really results largely from marital mistakes.

—*Bernarr Macfadden.*

What has been accomplished in New York under prohibition is miraculous. —*Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner.*

He has got tired of listening to himself. I never do. Because, I suppose, I am infinite variety, an intuitional artist, a thinker whose brain, always buried in the roaring floods of the subconscious, is always bobbing above the waves and exploding.

—*Benjamin De Casseres.*

The stage makes me sick.  
—*Karel Capek.*

Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits.  
—*Carl Sandburg.*

Lonely people rarely smile.  
—*Frank Swinnerton.*

Ten million Americans can't all be salacious and evil minded.  
—*Mae West.*

## What Are the Short Waves Saying?

"Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, the Federal Broadcasting Company and associated stations are receiving and retransmitting a special short wave program of foreign music from European countries. It is a privilege to pick up these broadcasts of strange, unfamiliar melodies space-spanning short waves . . . Stand by . . .

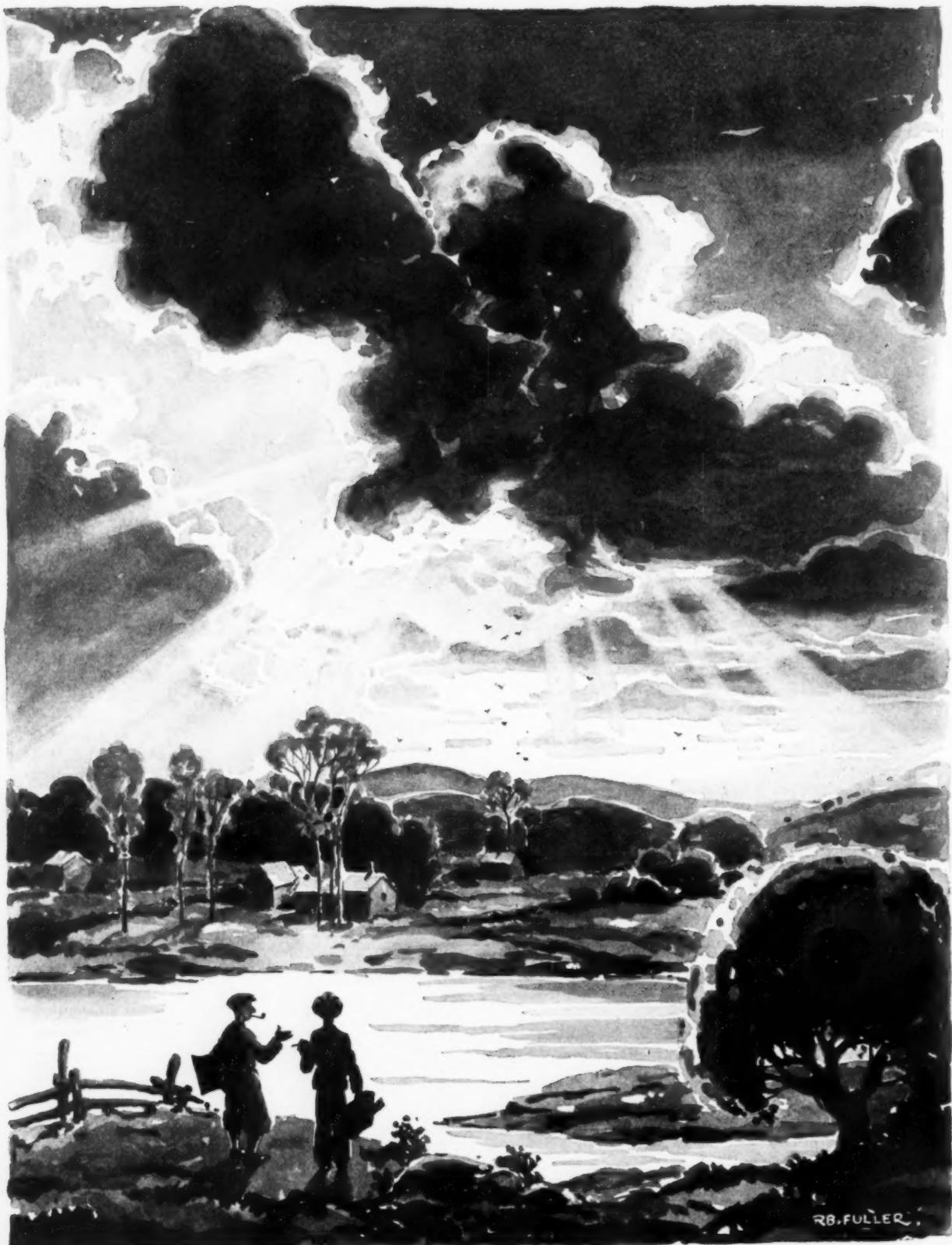
"Good evening, America. This is Holland broadcasting. The Zuyder Zee Ensemble will play a special arrangement of your beloved '*Suwanee River*' . . . That was Holland, folks, playing for you . . . Now we'll pick up short waves from London . . . Here's London . . . Hello, U. S. A., The Pall Mall Melody Trio will now play a tune we are sure you'll enjoy hearing—the good old '*Suwanee River*' which will come to you over miles and miles of restless ocean. That was England, folks.

"And now the Federal Broadcasting Company and associated radio stations will return the courtesy by a special broadcast of a strictly American program for the benefit of our foreign listeners . . . The first selection played by the White Way Ramblers will be a special arrangement of '*Suwanee River*' . . ."

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*



"Howdy, Ed! Startin' a revolution?"



FIRST ARTIST: *Very well done, what?*

(6)

# Horses! Horses! Horses!

(*A Shetland Punny Tail*)

by Marian Dietrick

*Characters:*

HUNTER, who has a wife who hounds him.  
MARE-Y, the bride who nags.  
G-RACE HORSE, who also ran after HUNTER.

Team Song: "Singing in the Rein."

ACT ONE.

Scene: A love-nest under a spreading whiffl-tree. (Enter HUNTER.)

MARE-Y: Didn't I say you must ang up your Derby?

HUNTER: But I like to have a handicap around, so I will only have to Perch-er-on my head.

MARE-Y: And haven't I told you to stop by-a-nose cheap cigars, huh?

HUNTER: You are very sulky, my love, ain't shoe? But we shod keep pace in the family.

MARE-Y (heat-edly): No, I have stud enough! I am going back to my foder in Filly!

HUNTER: But it has barley-bin a week since we got hitched!

MARE-Y: Well, you oat-bin more considerate! We are chestnut suited to each other, and now we are dun.

HUNTER (sorrel-y): But we promised to love and o-bay!

MARE-Y: Well, you should not try to stirr-up trouble!

HUNTER: What will the neigh-bors shay? Alas, I fear their wagon-tongues!

MARE-Y: I do not care, for I shall leave no traces, and of course everyone will lose all track of me!



HUNTER (with a surrey air): Don't be gone fur-long.

(Exit MARE-Y.)

HUNTER: Ah, she was one in a billion!

Sings saddle-y: Breeze . . . that blew my Galloway . . .

ACT TWO.

Scene: A farmhouse amid flourishing fields of riding-crops. (Enter MARE-Y.)

MARE-Y: I shall stop and tell my old friend G-race Horse, for of course sympathy will be for me, although I shall charger with secrecy.

(Enters farmhouse.)

G-RACE HORSE: Who is this collar to my humble hame?

MARE-Y: G-race! I have left my hobby!

G-RACE HORSE: What, your bridle venture is in broken-bits?

MARE-Y: Yes—s'naffle thing to say, but my love has grown colt.

G-RACE HORSE (curb-ing her excitement): And so you are going back two-year-old man?

MARE-Y: Yes, for my haunch-es that it was pa hoof first loved me.

G-RACE HORSE (trying to check her elation): Of c-horseshoe are right! Yes, it is a cinch that a girth best friend is her father! And your hub wheel never be your true pal-frey is not your type!

MARE-Y: I do not know withers he's gone, and I do not care.

G-RACE HORSE (unable to halter emotion): Ah, memory tugs at my heart-strings! Hunter shoed have married —me!

MARE-Y: Soho?

G-RACE HORSE: Yes, and now that you have given him the gait, I shall e-lope with him! And ah, I shall never stir a single-foot from his side! For me, his love will be the most stable of any man's, barn none, and he will never stall!

MARE-Y (starting to get-up): I would like to ass-k e-questrian: may I burro your telephone?

G-RACE HORSE: Hay?

MARE-Y: I say ca-yuse your telephone?

G-RACE HORSE: Oh, shoer! And you you simply canter-imagine what will be his joy whinney learns that I am to be his mate in-stead of you!

MARE-Y (singing into phone): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, tho' we . . . may . . . roan . . .

HUNTER: Mare-y! You no longer spur-n my love?

MARE-Y: No, this is the end of our tail of whoa, and we will always love each other with all our might and mane!

HUNTER: Then give me a kiss over the phone, just fore-lock!

MARE-Y: Ah, how my heart heaves!

HUNTER: And I have really one-year-old love back again?

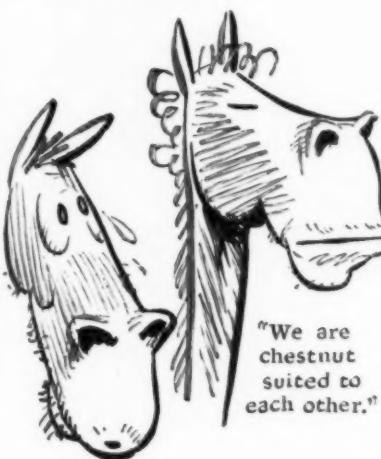
MARE-Y: Yes, and now I want to foal you in my arms!

HUNTER: Then I will comb and curry you home!

G-RACE HORSE: But you didn't tell him mule agree to—

MARE-Y: Heh-heh. Hee-haw laughs last laughs best!

(Curtain)





*Electric answerer for dentist's patients.*

## Opening Big Success

Applauded by an admiring throng of ditch devotees, The Flanagan Construction Company opened the excavation for the new Jones Building yesterday. At twelve noon sharp the whistle blew, announcing the event, and rarely in the history of local construction has a finer opening been presented to such a distinguished albeit critical audience.

The first act revealed some of the most skillful dynamite blasting of the spring construction season. The detonations were well-synchronized and the audience manifested its approval with hearty rounds of hand-clapping. Said William Winks, twenty-four, a clerk, "I have attended nearly every famous opening in the city during the past fifteen years, but this goes deeper than anything I have ever seen."

Act two opened with an overture by pneumatic air drills under the able baton of Tony Luigi, renowned digging impresario. The theme was

sounded with a faint rattle of soprano drills, suggestive of the spirit of spring digging, and soon swelled into a crisp crescendo, as one by one the various instruments joined.

"A most satisfactory entertainment," vouchsafed Miss Myrtle Maltz, eighteen, Plaza 4359, popular hostess at a well known Child's restaurant. Some 5,000 others echoed her sentiments. The Flanagan Construction Company manager stepped into the middle of the excavation and took a bow just before the one o'clock whistle blew. "This is one of the happiest moments of my life," he screamed.

We need more openings of this kind, openings that have sound dramatic technique, that are at once entertaining, instructive and diverting. With such a standard of entertainment, lovers of the better sort of digging and blasting will no longer desert to attend drug store window displays.

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

## How to Get a Fish Out of a Brook

Offer large bribe to fish. Fish will accept. Will be found out. Brook will become too hot to hold fish. Fish will resign. Will exile self. Come to land.

Feed yeast to fish. Fish will get added ounce of energy. Will jump high in air. Land on bank. Write testimonial.

Print picture of fish in tabloid newspaper. Fish will see it at breakfast. Will be ashamed. Will hang head. Avoid all friends. Slink ashore.

Tell fish it is getting in rut in brook. Fish will feel inferior. Will clip coupon. Take correspondence course. Become farm expert. Be fish out of water.

Send oil stock prospectus to fish. Fish will be sucker. Will bite. Will lose all money. Become poor fish. Be dispossessed from brook.

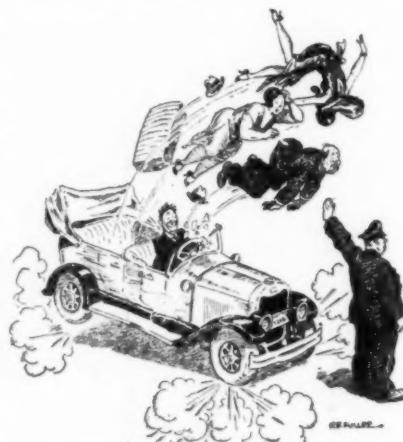
Procure appetizing worm. Add same to hook and line. Place in brook near fish. Fish will take quick lunch. Be served for dinner.

—W. W. Scott.

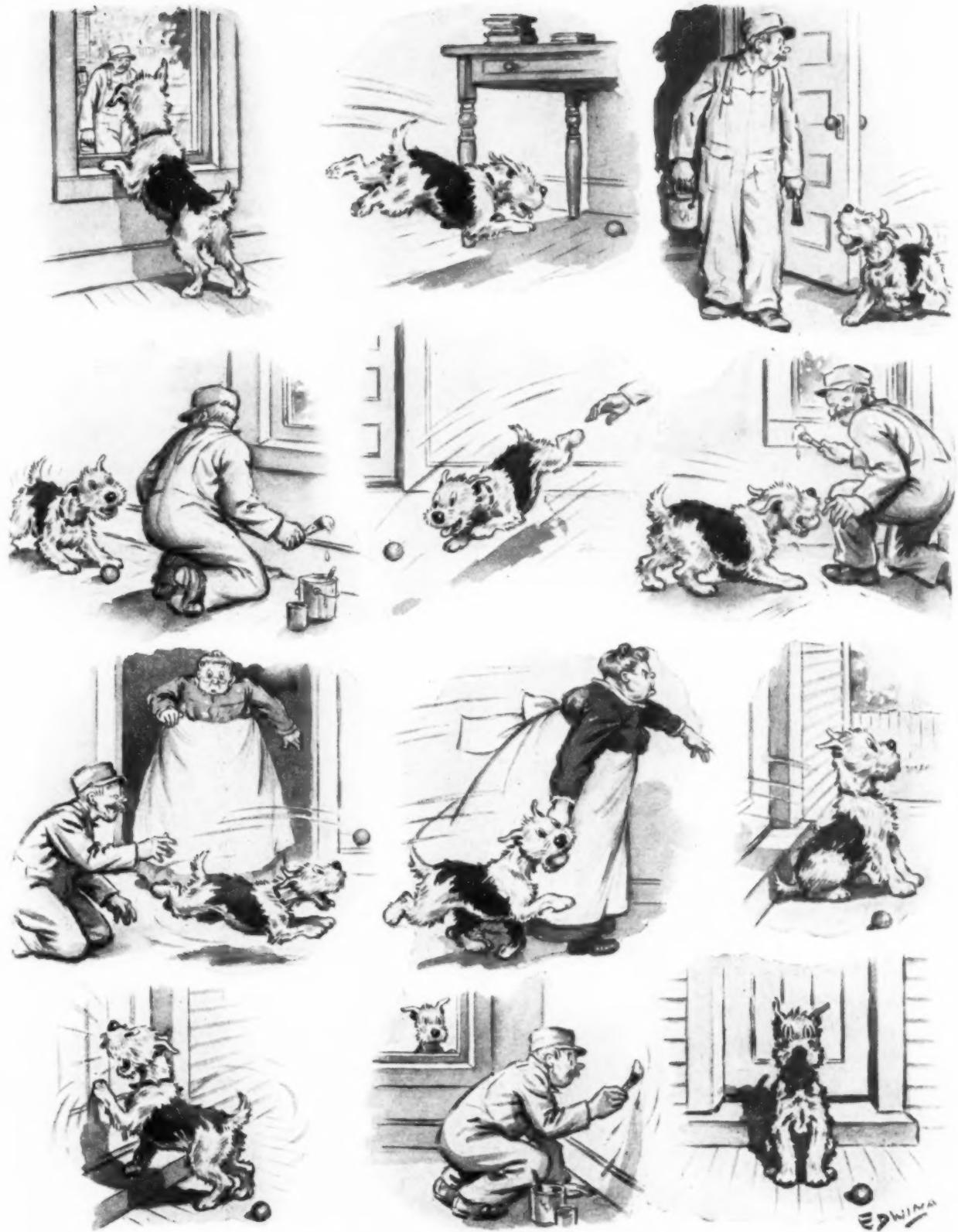
The merchant who was caught with petticoats on his shelves when petticoats ceased to be worn is afraid to buy a stock of swimming suits now.

### Service

DELICATESSEN CLERK: Need anything else? Any pickles, olives, anchovies, gin, Scotch?

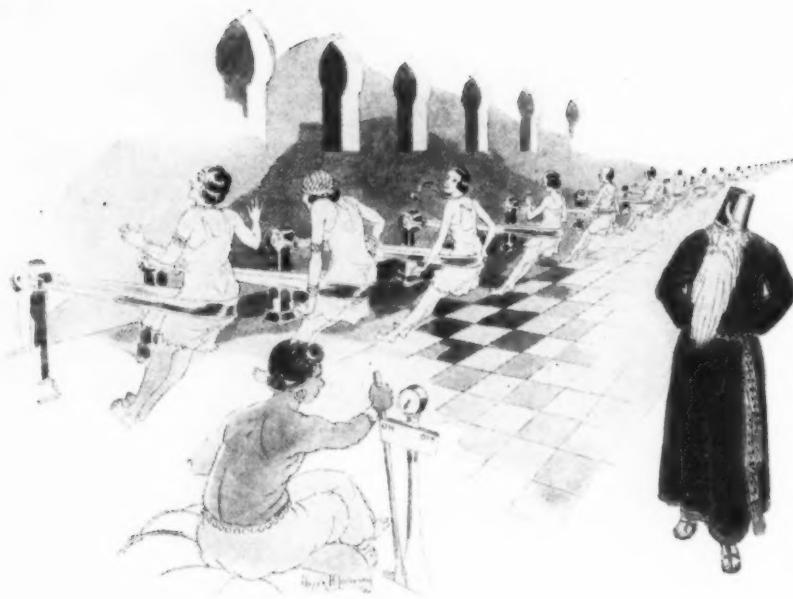


Proud Owner: Yeah! I just had my brakes adjusted!



SINBAD  
*And painters at \$14 a day!*

## First Aid Call



*SOLOMON: The money I've got tied up in those machines.*

## Portrait of a Young Lady

*As Done by a Book Reviewer.*

"Old man, she's epic! I tell you she's trenchant. Delightfully trenchant. A girl for the ages; replete with thrills and overflowing with exuberance and a hearty gusto. I mean every word of it. The most cosmic little cutie these old eyes have ever winked at. Such a fascinating cadence of beauty, but so refreshingly human. So full of pungent wit and wisdom, but withal possessing a vivid sincerity rare in our time, as well as a keen understanding of the deepest springs of human passion. I tell you she's got style, structure and a certain intangible something. She's got a verve that makes for romance, that makes for sadness suffused with sunshine (I like it well suffused) and for laughter next door to tears. Oh man, I say she's epic! And mark my words, posterity will acclaim her worth!"

—W. W. Scott.

The forest fires that have been sweeping the East are caused by tourists, say authorities. When they finish with the scenery they burn it.

When you catch yourself wishing you were somewhere else just think of how foolish it would be if you were there wishing you were where you are.

MRS. NURICH (*on phone*): Hullo, hullo—is this Dr. Woodhead, the tree surgeon?

VOICE: Yes, madam.

MRS. NURICH: Hurry right over. That big oak has blown down and broken several of its prettiest limbs. Do hurry.

VOICE: Very well, madam, I'll be right over.

MRS. NURICH: Is there anything I can do till you arrive?

VOICE: Just keep the patient quiet, madam.

MRS. NURICH: Anything else?

VOICE: Yes, be sure you have some hot water to sterilize my instruments.

MRS. NURICH: How about bandages?

VOICE: I'll bring those.

MRS. NURICH: And a nurse to administer the anaesthetic?

VOICE: Of course. Now, madam, just keep calm and it will soon be—

MRS. NURICH: I'll try to, Doctor. But please hurry. And say—

VOICE: Yes, madam.

MRS. NURICH: I almost forgot. Better bring old Doctor Brown with you. My husband is under the tree.

—Asia Kagowan.

## Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

(1) Scramble *straw* with an *e* and get a prodigal son.

(2) Scramble *laden* with a *t* and get the hardest troubles to bear.

(3) Scramble *tapper* with an *a* and get something to look over at the theatre.

(4) Scramble *drape* with an *a* and get just one thing after another.

(5) Scramble *trail* with an *a* and get enough rope.

(6) Scramble *screams* with an *a* and get something to cause them.

(7) Scramble *severe* with an *r* and get what every nice girl should have.

(8) Scramble *kitten* with an *r* and get another little thing.

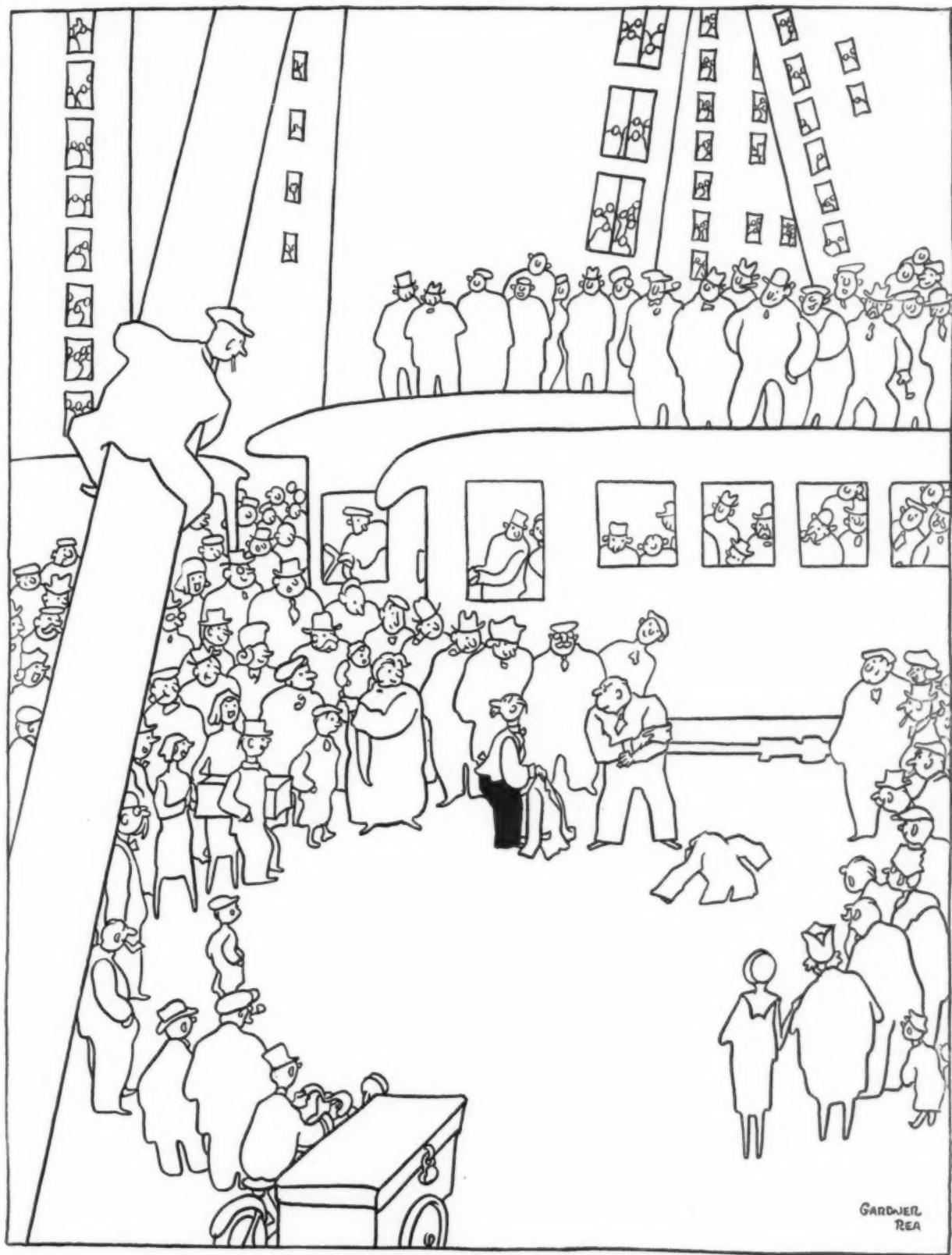
(9) Scramble *slothe* with an *r* and get a man to help you take somebody for a ride.

(10) Scramble *green* with a *t* and get a man who is every inch a ruler.

(Answers on Page 29)



"Now don't worry there, guide old man.  
All you've got to do is eat eight or ten pounds  
of food out of that knapsack, and when the  
added weight hoists me up, I'll haul you up  
after!"



*"I suppose it's too late just to laugh this off?"*

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

by  
Baird  
Leonard

MAY 15—A good deal of the talk now is about humanism, apparently a new philosophy, but Lord! whether or not to have screens in our windows is more of a problem to me than any system of conduct, and I do still hold that the Golden Rule, which can be grasped by the simplest minds, is as good a basis of behavior today as it was when it was first put forth. My friend Marge Boothby, who is so blown about by every wind of doctrine that I am unfailingly amazed at her steady ability to clothe herself smartly and order good food for her table, tells me that she is now taken up with bewil-

derment at the meaning of life, and I can only question her as to what she thinks she could do about it even should she be sage enough to comprehend it, having long held that I might as well be sitting in at a good game of contract bridge as fretting over mysteries which stopped Hegel, Hume, Kant, etc. All the day gone in typing material for my book, and so to dinner at Betsy Thomas', finding there a great company, including John Farrar and Margaret, and Mistress Katherine Brush in a fine pink taffeta, and Charley Towne did tell me of the young woman who, marking Somerset Maugham's name on a boat's passenger list, had dashed up to him and said, "O Mr. Mawggum, I've always wanted to be a writer myself, but I can't seem

to get anywhere. It must be a knack!" Sat next young Mr. Rinehart, the publisher, who did tell me of a burglar who visits him regularly, and how he has grown so interested in his apprehensions that he does leave various articles unguarded which he thinks the predatory visitor might like, and I did enjoin him to confide his experience to his mother, who could make a splendid book out of it.

MAY 16—My birthday today, so up betimes to greet Samuel, arriving on an early train from Buffalo to spend it with me, and he did give me a pair of rose diamond earrings, very lovely, but so heavy that I do fear I must have my ears pierced if I am to wear them with security, and I did say to him a quatrain which I made up in my tub and called "To a Well Wisher," and which does go:

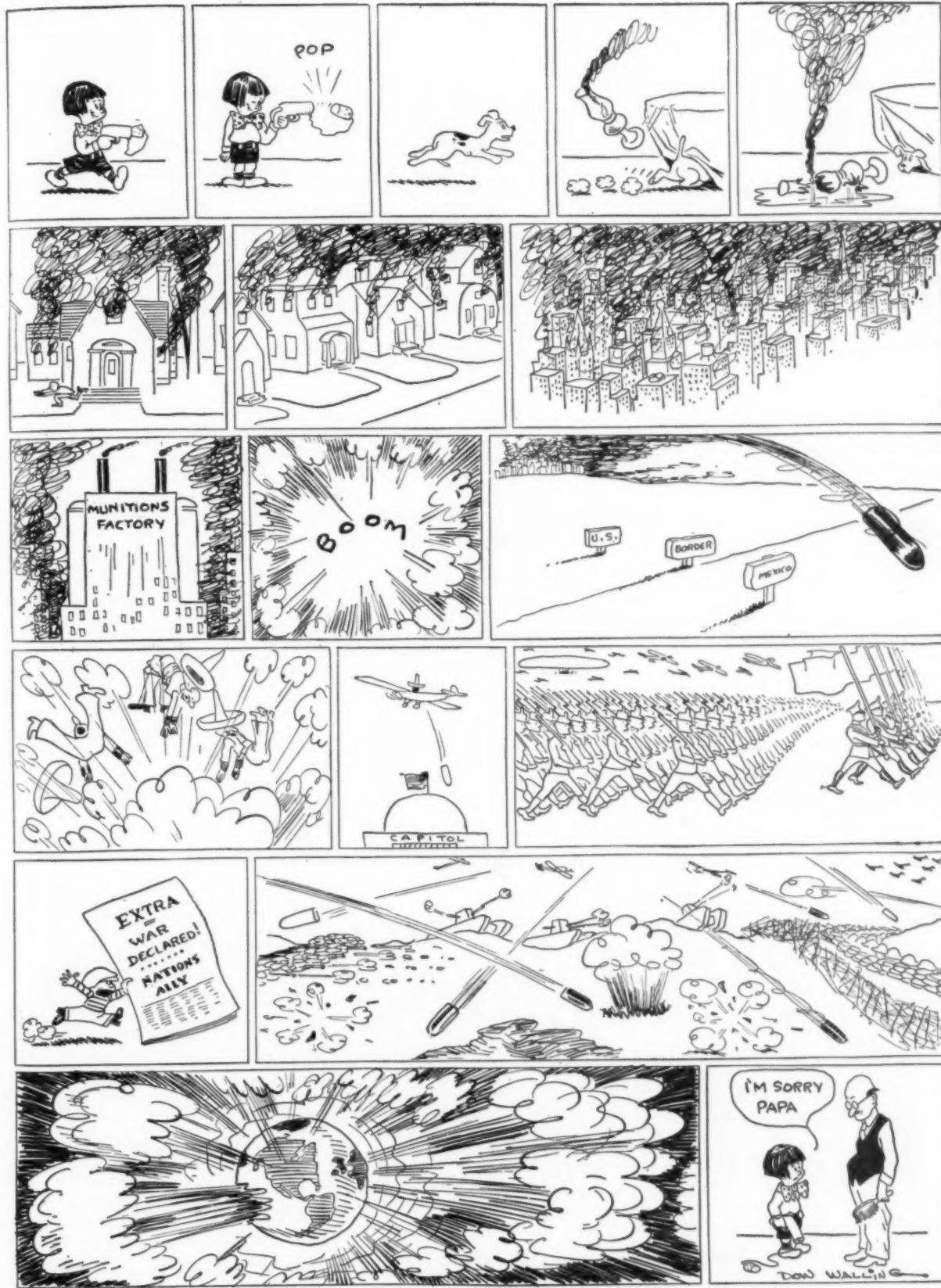
*I gaze at the motto you hang  
on my wall,  
Designed for my personal  
good . . .  
Oh, I can sit silent, say noth-  
ing at all,  
But why must I saw any  
wood?*

All the morning gone in opening unexpected packages, the most delightful business I know aught about, nor do I feel sad that they do mark the passing of another year, being of no mind to return to the days of my addle-pated youth, when the ability to eat cucumbers and sit up through the night by no means compensated for the empty bucket which lack of experience forced me to take to the well of life. Nor am I much frightened by the advertisements of beauticians, which set up such alarms about lines in the neck, having always looked more or less forward to the days when I can wear a dog-collar of seed pearls and stay off dance floors and out of canoes with no questions asked. Some of my cronies for luncheon, Katie giving us black bean soup, soft shell crabs, potatoes allumette, asparagus baked with crumbs, and ice cream with meringues, and when I did ask Lydia Loomis about her summer

(Continued on Page 26)



The Piccolo player who walked in his sleep.



Great Oaks . . .

( 13 )

## Life in Washington

DWIGHT MORROW started something when he told the Jersey voters, "Four times within the last twenty years the Constitution has been amended. It can be amended again." His speech takes its place beside the Lincoln-Douglas debate at Freeport in its Presidential possibilities. The gulf between Morrow and the present sponsor of the noble experiment is intellectually complete. The Morrow proposal to repeal the Methodist Amendment and restore State Rights is separated from the Al Smith program by a sheet of tissue paper.

The Anti-Saloon League battalion of death rushed Franklin Fort into the field to split the vote and hold the dry fort, as the Funk & Wagnalls semi-finals swung Nevada and Louisiana into the repeal column, with 3,176,545 wet ballots to 1,386,216 dry straws.

Assembled Real Estate men took a crack at the dry padlock system, and it was learned that contributions to the Holy and Universal Dry Inquisition had shrunk from \$919,984 in 1919 to \$265,237 in 1929. Texarkana celebrated Mother's Day with twenty bona fide matrons in jail on charges of bootlegging. The Methodists white-washed Bishop Cannon. Dr. McBride told the Senate that home-brew was lawful, then recanted. The Great White Father laid low and said nuffin. In the meantime Mr. Morrow, offering no panacea, refusing to pussyfoot, and introducing the Republican Party to the only issue which interests the electorate, is the beneficiary of his own moral courage. File the name Morrow for reference in 1932.

The London Treaty turned into a boomerang and has the Administration worried, as Admiral Jones, the most statesmanlike of naval technicians, and

Admiral Bristol, the most statesmanlike of blue water commanders, said that our delegates had abandoned our naval policy and had thrown overboard the best judgment of the Navy. Secretary Adams let the cat-o'-nine-tails out of the bag when he said that "Japan was adamant" so we gave in. In the old days we expected an Adams to be adamant and the other side to give in. Hoover got hot and bothered and sent for Dawes, but Stimson blocked that, knowing what would happen when an irresistible Ambassador meets an immovable Senate Committee. The chances are now that the Treaty will pass, with reservations, and that the Admirals will get their way, without appropriations.

The President plans to visit the Rockies this summer. We don't blame him for seeking the Tall Timber. He will inspect the Grand Canyon, the only geographical representation of the present state of the Republican Party. He says he hopes to catch some fish; he may pick up some votes as well. Recently he caught twenty-fish, not votes—on the Rapidan and Dr. Work got so excited that he slipped on a log and fell in: not the first time the gentleman has been all wet as a result of log-rolling.

—J. F.

## Dusk Falls, Through Courtesy of Station K B O

(or, *The Radio Announcer Turns Poet*)

The summer sun is sinking, low,  
(Through courtesy of K B O)  
Behind the distant purple hills  
(Subdivided by Mills & Mills)  
Cut up in lots.

And sombre shades are creeping, slow,  
(While Sadie Blotz sings "Ole Black Joe")

Now dusk comes on—and night air chills  
(Buy mustard plasters from Joe Hills).

The whippoorwill's nocturnal note

(Just think, folks, if you'd spray his throat  
With Doctor Proctor's "RUFF-ON-PESTS")

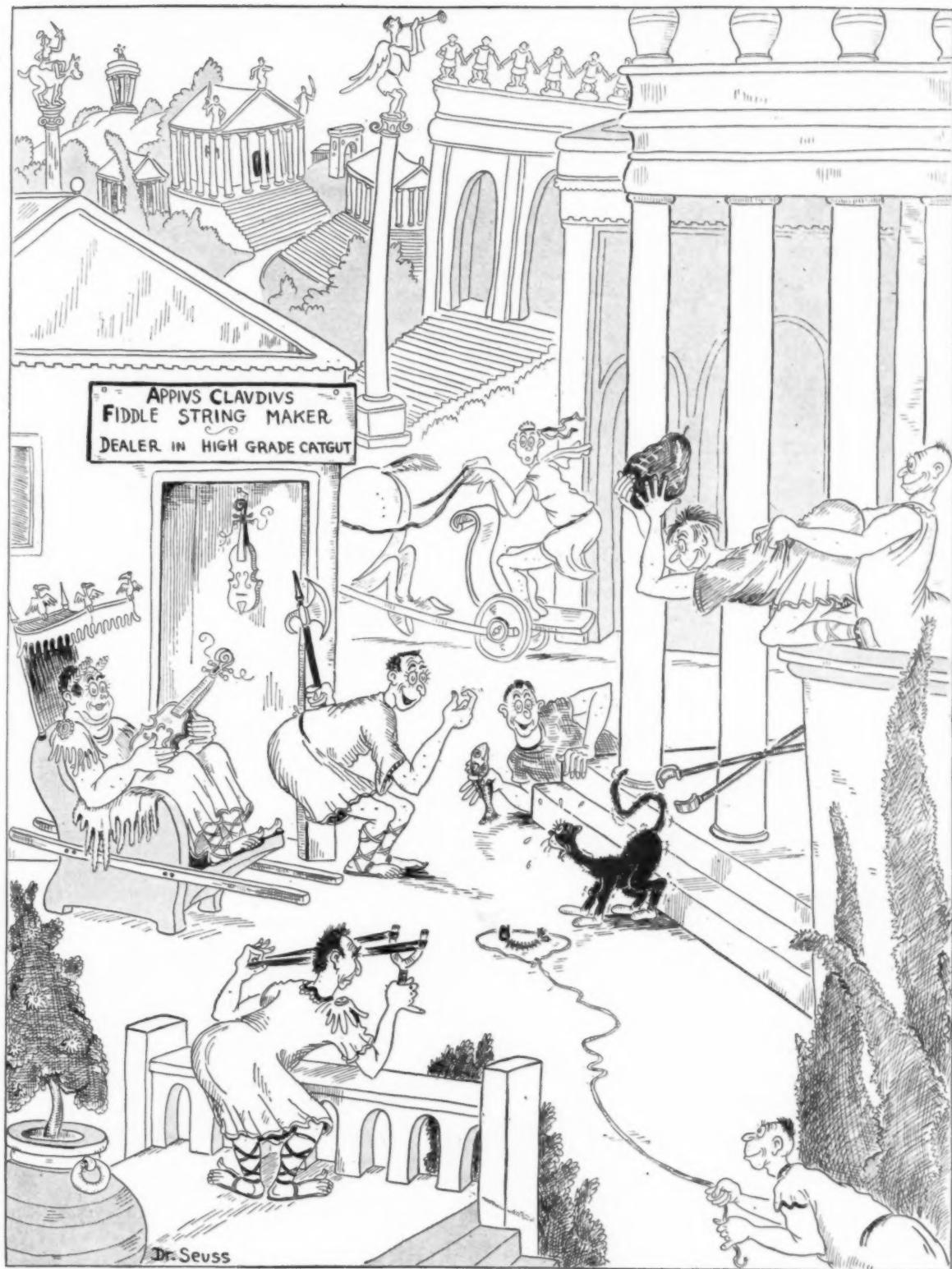
At last you'd get a good night's rest!

Ah yes! 'tis great to be alive!  
(But if you die, see Cohn & Clive).

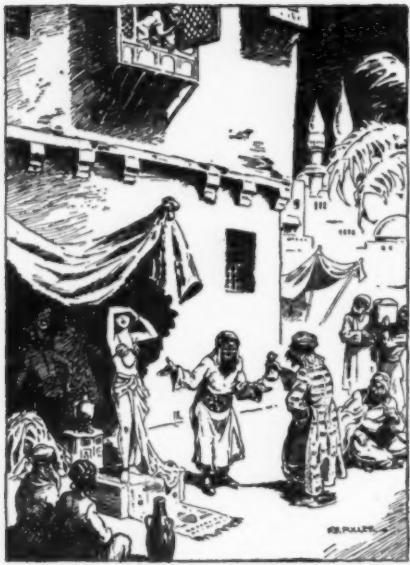
—Jim Niles.

*When Uncle Ernie came he brought dear little Buddy some candy,  
and when he left he shook hands with the brat.*





UNSUNG ANIMALS WHO MADE GREAT HISTORICAL EVENTS POSSIBLE.  
*The Cat who furnished the strings so Nero might fiddle while Rome burned.*



*Have it wrapped up and sent.*

### Hail Storm

With a whispering rush of eerie wails  
The dead have come again . . .  
I hear the tapping of their nails  
Against the window pane;  
They writhe beneath the lightning's  
flail,  
While I rest here secured,  
And wonder if there would be hail  
If ghosts were manicured.

—Gladys Shaw Erskine.

What the average young couple wants is a happy little home painted some bright color and trimmed in some brighter color and with four-wheel brakes and capable of going eighty miles an hour.

"I heard the other day of a chap who went out and bought five cars—and only himself, wife and daughter in the family."

"Maybe he wanted to take a ride."

If you are having trouble with your garden, consider the plight of one man in the flood district whose radishes and lettuce were scratched up by trout.

### The First Victims

"What's a sumptuary law, Adam?" queried the first woman sharply.

"It deals with personal habits, my dear," replied her spouse gloomily. "Eden will never again be what it was. What we ate and what we wore—or, rather, didn't wear—didn't worry us last week. And now we've gone to the Devil. You've ruined us, Eve, with your apple and your fig leaf."

"But, Adam, how dare you blame me? Don't you believe in progress? Have you never felt the urge for knowledge? The higher education—that was what I was after."

"Well, you got it, didn't you—in the neck?" snapped the First Man. "Exile and hard labor—that's our sentence. You, with your curiosity! I had a hunch that Satan was a black-hearted smart aleck. What did he say to you?"

"I told you at the time," replied Eve testily, keeping step wearily with her husband toward the exit to the garden. "He said that if I ate that apple you and I would become one hundred percent wise."

"Wise!" blurted Adam angrily, keeping a watchful eye out for snakes. "All we know that's new is that we had a cinch and have lost it. But we've learned one lesson anyway."

"What's that, old dear?" queried the woman gently.

"We've got to raise a family and populate the earth. That'll be a big

task in government. And it's going to help us a lot to know what to avoid. I'm referring to sumptuary laws. We must scratch them off the list, Eve. Never again, my dear! We've lost Eden because you would eat a tabooed apple and steal a fig to deck your figure. We've forfeited paradise, little woman, but we've gained a bit of common sense, haven't we?"

"Perhaps that's what He did it for," murmured Eve.

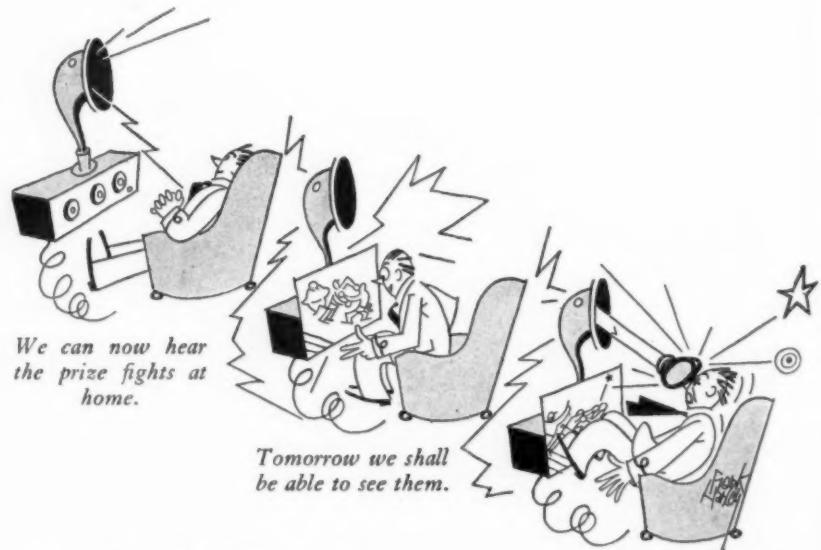
"Who? You mean Satan?" asked Adam, glancing at her searchingly.

"No. The Almighty. Perhaps He was trying to teach us that when we make laws for our posterity we should allow them free choice as to what they eat, wear or drink."

"Maybe you've got it straight, my dear," commented Adam thoughtfully. "It certainly comes down to this, Eve—if Our Creator couldn't make a success of his sumptuary laws we'd better be careful about how we handle our kiddies as to their personal habits. If we try the forbidden fruit game with 'em, we'll either have to kick them out of the tent or let them run it."

"For once you're right, Adam," remarked the First Woman condescendingly. "Eden is a washout because it had too many laws on its statute-book. The world we'll create, my dear, will be long on *liberty* and short on *tyranny*."

"The Hell it will!" muttered Adam, as he turned to take a farewell look at the garden behind him." —E. S. V.



CUSTOMER: Will whiskers ever come back?

BARBER: Not the same ones.



GREENVILLE, S. C.—Senator Brookhart, staying at a hotel here, asked the clerk what the queer contraption on his door was for. The clerk identified it as a combination corkscrew and bottle opener. The senator ordered it removed at once.

FORT BENTON, Mont.—Over one hundred farmers attended a smut demonstration held in Fort Benton. The recommended practices for the control of smut in Chouteau County are the use of good, clean, pure seed of adapted varieties, and thorough treatment of the seed by a recommended method. *Sounds much cheaper and more practical than Will Hayes.*

CHICAGO—Mrs. Nellie Tobin was awarded \$100 for having been bitten by John Guara's dog, in spite of the fact that John brought the dog in court and showed the jury that there wasn't a tooth in its head.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—To a census enumerator a man here gave his name as Sam Levy and his birthplace as Italy.

"When I come to this country," he explained, "I want a good American name, so I had my friend look up in a directory. There was a lot of Levys, so I take one."

WASHINGTON—Dr. Franz Alexander, Berlin psychiatrist, asserted that every person is "born a criminal." The period of readjustment to society then follows, which "no human being finishes entirely."

OSSINING, N. Y.—Things are looking up in Sing Sing baseballdom, which suffered a blow last year when the crack battery was released from prison. Both pitcher and catcher are available again, having got into trouble outside the walls.

## And Abroad

BERLIN—Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Fascist Minister of Interior and Education in Thuringia, issued a proclamation today against jazz bands, American songs and dances and what he termed "Negro culture."

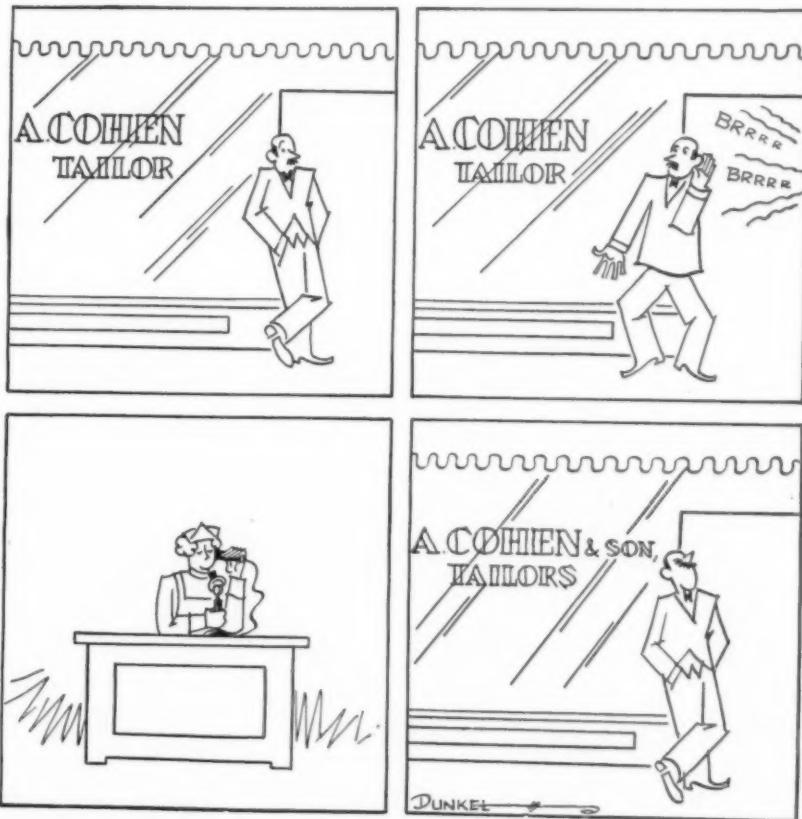
Dr. Frick declared the spread of this culture is destroying the German people's morality and advised the authorities to fight the "danger" through police decrees, if necessary.

LONDON—The thirteen members of the Thirteen Club held their annual banquet. Each one carried an open umbrella and walked under a ladder to enter the dining hall; broke a mirror and sat down to a table surrounded by white elephants, toad stools and skeletons. Nothing happened.

HAMBURG—Forty inmates of a reform jail rioted when the authorities refused to accede to their request to be transferred to a nearby prison. They wanted to go there because "better movies" were being shown.

GENEVA, Switzerland—Mlle. Chaptal, head of the Council of Nurses, officially suggested that The League of Nations should try to clean up "the terrible moral decadence in the United States." To have this accomplished, she advises the United States to enter the League at once, and be saved.

SEVILLE, Spain—King Alfonso played a practical joke on the Duke of Spoleto, nephew of the King of Italy. The King invited Spoleto to sit on a trick bench, and he was automatically sprinkled with water. King Alfonso is forty-three years old.



# Theatre • by Ralph Barton

WHEN George M. Cohan revived "The Tavern" for what was announced as a fortnight's engagement only on the same night that a new and original play was offered at another theatre, I went to see the new and original play. The critical gentlemen about town all went to see "The Tavern," but my Puritan blood rose in my veins and refused to permit me to pleasure myself when there was duty to be done. I swallowed two fruit juice cocktails, set my jaw and went to see "Let and Sublet."

Judged by its own standards—that is to say, by the standards of cheap, silly, catchpenny farce—"Let and Sublet" is a dismal failure. Judged by any other standards—let us say, though I don't know why we should, by the standards of dramatic art—it is a nice, big, empty stage filled with nobody screaming nothing. What it was about, I haven't the haziest notion. I simply sat in one of the pews at the Biltmore for three-quarters of an hour's rest, prayer and meditation. It was too bad even to be irritating.

Before the first act curtain had crunched the stage, my duty done, I was over at the Fulton having a grand time. "The Tavern" is, I believe, about ten years old, but it dates not at all. The thunder-sheet is as funny as ever and Mr. Cohan does a magnificent job of Arnold Daly's old part and all the shootin' is for a highly amusing evening's entertainment. I hope the engagement will be continued "by popular demand," as the advertisements would put it, or because it will be "paced around \$17,000, more expected," as *Variety* would put it.

Let us now turn to page 223, Hymn No. 316: "As pants the hart for cooling streams . . ."

THERE has been a good deal of uncommonly fine acting around town this season. Whole companies have been good as units and excellent individual performances have popped up in good, bad and indifferent plays. Even several stars have given performances as good as they might have given had they been merely actors and actresses.

The entire cast of "Strictly Dishonorable" is notoriously faultless. Tullio Carminati's *Gus* and Muriel Kirkland's *Isabelle* are as good as Edward J. Mc-

Namara's policeman, than which nothing better can be said about anybody's performance. There is a good deal of whispering in the back alleys about whose credit it is that "Strictly Dishonorable" is the beautiful comedy that it is, but there is no doubt that one of the first honorable mentions should go to the cast.

The casts of "The Last Mile," "The First Mrs. Fraser," "Journey's End," "June Moon," "The Green Pastures," "Uncle Vanya," "It's a Wise Child," and those of an unimportant production or two now collecting dust in the



Spring in the theatre.

storehouse are or were also perfect wholes.

The seven convicts in "The Last Mile," perfectly played by Howard Phillips, James Bell, Hale Norcross, Ernest Whitman, George Leach, Don Costello and Spencer Tracy, deserve a special medal for a *tour de force*. Their most difficult scenes are played while each man is locked in his cell, facing the audience. These actors cannot see each other, they can only hear each other's voices, but their team work is perfect. Try quarreling with your wife at night without turning on the light between the twin beds and you will see how difficult and unsatisfactory it is.

"The First Mrs. Fraser" boasts practically an all-star cast, but they are splendid, just the same. Grace George never did better work, and Lawrence Grossmith and A. E. Matthews are completely delightful. When I saw it,

Carol Goodner was delivering herself of something especially good in the part of the second Mrs. Fraser, but I find her name missing from the cast now.

Had the officers and gentlemen in "Journey's End" been Americans, an entirely different interpretation would have had to be applied to the story the play unfolds. To begin with, such fearfully nice boys as they were (one of them was beautiful enough to make you forget the absence of a leading woman) would have made a much better job of the interior decoration of the dug-out, and evil-minded people in the audience would have suspected that R. C. Sherriff was a *nom-de-plume* for Mae West. But they were English officers and gentlemen and the way they went on was precisely the way English officers and gentlemen went on during the war. The Army, in England, is still an honorable profession for idle young men with incomes, like drinking in America, and it must be done well. The important thing in a war is which fellows from the next dug-out are to be invited to tea and the vital weapon in a raid is a walking-stick—which, after all, is as good a way as any to fight a war.

Leslie Howard, in my estimation, gets the gold watch and Mediterranean trip for the season's finest performance. Without him, "Berkeley Square" would have been one of those cute little fantasies that people who never write anything always dream of writing some day. With him, it was one of the outstanding productions of the season. His last three minutes on the stage were something to remember. Philip Merivale, in "Death Takes a Holiday," rendered the same service to his author and managers. Frank Morgan, in "Topaze," and Henry Hull, in "Michael and Mary," reached the top of their careers.

Negro actors, especially, have covered themselves with glory this year. Nothing could be better than Richard B. Harrison's Lord God Jehovah in "The Green Pastures." In fact, I double-dog-dare you to imagine any white actor alive who could have played the part with half the reverence and dignity. Ernest Whitman, in "The Last Mile," is superb, and Oscar Polk and Jimmy Daniels made bits stand out in "Cross Roads" and "Dishonored Lady."



A PAIR OF REPEATERS.

George M. Cohan, who has appeared this season in "Gambling" and in a revival of "The Tavern," and Sidney Fox, who has been in "It Never Rains" and "Lost Sheep."

# Movies • by Harry Evans

## "The Big Pond"

THE BIG POND" has not been accorded the careful attention to story and direction so noticeable in Maurice Chevalier's former films and consequently it is the least interesting of the attractive Frenchman's screen efforts. The plot seeks to present a mild vindication of the generally accepted opinion that American business men do not devote enough time to hatching up potent phrases and eloquent gestures for use in presenting verbal pictures of the human urge to the lady who is urging them. Despite the prevalence of this opinion, our national birth statistics seem to compare favorably with our bank statements.

M. Chevalier, who is a guide in Venice, gets that way over Claudette Colbert while showing her about the place in a gondola. It seems that Maurice, who is French, had been left in such a peculiar financial condition after the Big War that he has had to fall back on his ability as a Venetian guide. This point is a bit vague but we'll let it pass. The dawn of their love does not please Claudette's papa who is a big chewing gum man from Jawgia, and to break up the affair he invites the temperamental Frenchman to America and puts him to work in his factory. Maurice not only makes good in a big way, but conceives a brilliant idea about manufacturing chewing gum that tastes like liquor. The scheme is very successful. It would be. But is the success easily bought? Don't be silly. In place of the carefree, penniless but romantic gent who came across "The Big Pond" (get the idea) to pursue his grand passion, Claudette finds that her butterfly has turned into a business man who even goes so far as to make a chewing gum theme song of the love ditty with which he wooed her back in their good old gondola days. This, we admit, is carrying the thing a bit far. For instance, Maurice could very easily have utilized the score of "The Chocolate Soldier" and with a little revamping he would have had, "Gum, Gum, I Want You Only."

Miss Colbert is not given an opportunity to live up to the reputation gained in "The Lady Lies" and "Young Man of Manhattan," nor is she photographed particularly well. M.

Chevalier receives his chief support from George Barbier, whose broad comedy seemed to go over big the night we saw the picture. A child named Elaine Koch will provide odd moments of sentiment for those who are particularly fond of screen children.

Not to be compared with "The Love Parade" or "Innocents of Paris."

## "The Arizona Kid"

IT IS beginning to look as though the Fox Company will not get Warner Baxter out of a sombrero by Christmas. His excellent work in the film, "In Old Arizona" has definitely stamped him as a Mexican speaking actor, so from now on he may never



"My word! Don't tell me two hundred an' fifty debutantes came out in one season, Mr. Peebles."

be allowed to revert to American, or "English" as it is sometimes called.

This time he is one of those gay, gentlemanly bandits who roamed the movies during the 1880 period. A cloud of dust on the horizon . . . a white steed skids to a halt and a lithe figure flings itself from the saddle . . . "Thar's Chico," whispers an Old Timer. "Back ag'in from them hills with plenty of gold. Whar do you reckon he gets it?" But no one but Chico and, of course, the audience, has the least suspicion that he is the Arizona Kid.

Soon the blonde city girl from the "East" arrives with her sick brother. Chico is interested. It is a long time since he has seen a blonde. This makes Lorita jealous. Maybe you've seen something like this before. Anyhow, the city gal goes for Chico and takes him (to use an old Civil War

expression) like Bow took Richman. You are probably all a-twitter by now, but we mustn't tell you any more, as it might spoil the picture for you. It was pretty badly spoiled for us after the first reel.

Mr. Baxter gives a good account of himself in spite of the fact that they made him marcel his hair for the occasion. Mona Maris is a slick jealous Mexican girl and Mrs. Jiminez is as amusing as ever in the rôle of a loquacious hag whose gestures are expressive enough to allow her to speak many of her lines in Spanish.

Mr. Baxter's horse is beautiful.

## "Song of The Flame"

THERE is little to recommend "Song Of The Flame" other than the excellent color photography by Lee Garmes and Frank Good—which may seem a harsh criticism of an operetta that was composed by such names as George Gershwin, Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd.

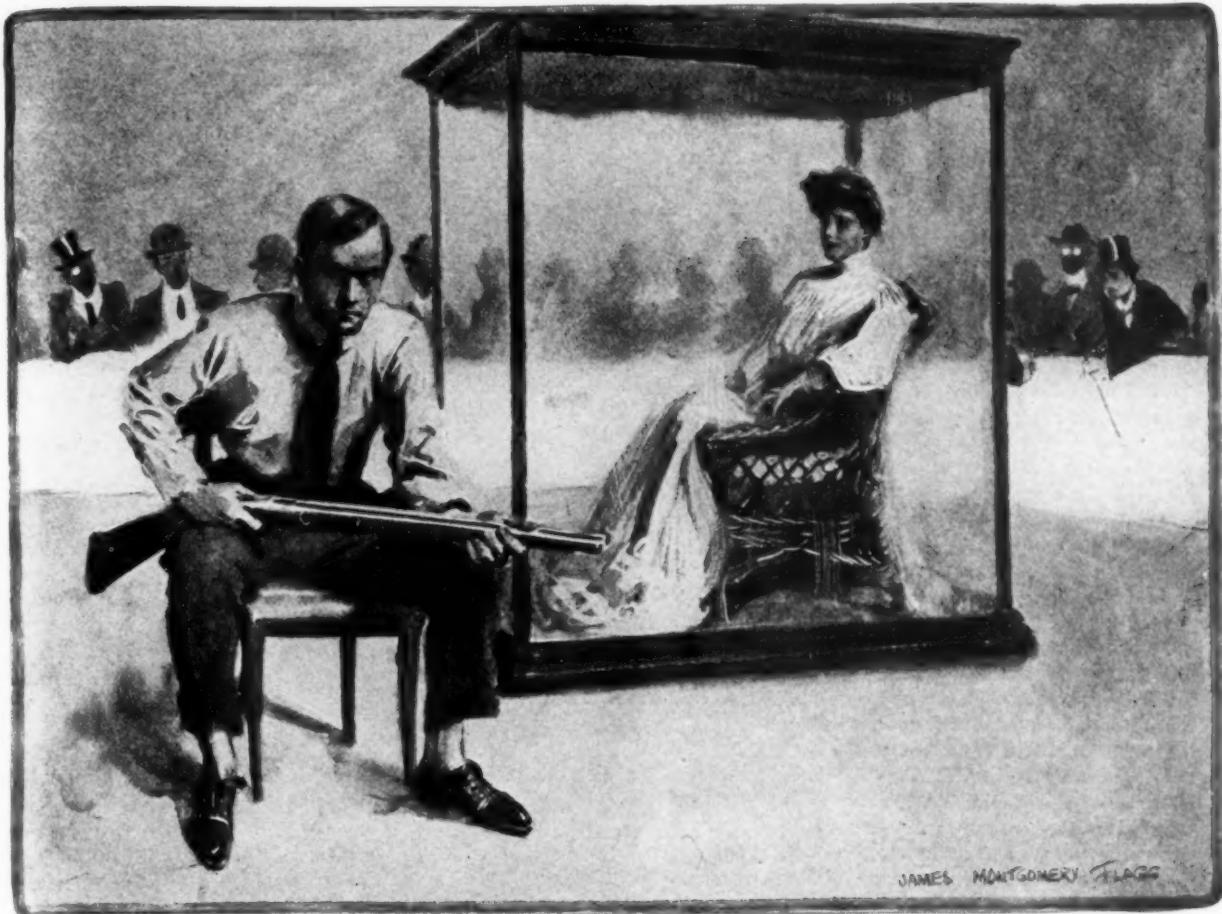
As a stage production "Song Of The Flame" was extremely popular, but in transferring it to the screen the charm of the piece has been lost. Perhaps the most serious fault is the inconsistent recording, which is excellent one moment and mediocre the next, a condition which keeps you on edge for fear a piece of singing you are enjoying will suddenly develop static.

There are two plots used as the basis of motion pictures depicting the Russian revolutionary period. In one the aristocrats are shown up in a favorable light and in the other the reds get the break. This one is the anti-communist or "Whelan" type.

The featured singers are Alice Gentle, Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray. With better treatment in the recording their work might be thoroughly enjoyable. Noah Beery also burst forth in one of those "Asleep In The Deep" bass voices and on one occasion reaches down near his shoes and comes up with a low note that will astound you. Another player deserving mention is Inez Courtney, former Broadway comedienne, who makes a favorable impression in a small part.

"Song Of The Flame" is hardly worth your time.

# The Family Album



ENGAGED.  
*His Attitude.*

Reprinted from LIFE, Oct. 28, 1905.



Reprinted from LIFE, July 3, 1919.

When the next prohibition amendment is added  
to the Constitution.



PERFECT BREEDING.  
Any mishap during dinner should pass unnoticed  
by the guest.

# Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

## Nice Day

WILLINGDRIFT looked at himself in the glass. "As my employer would say," he addressed the sartorially perfect reflection of himself, "hurr, not so bad, eh?"

He adjusted his tie.

"And the answer comes," he went on, "from the pit to the family circle, 'Not so bad.'"

He left his room and walked through the halls to the main stairway, approaching the cane rack in the little room off the front door.

"You wouldn't mind, would you, Smitty?" he said, helping himself to a malacca. "After all, we were brothers in Havana once."

Feeling no end of a fella, he opened the door, stepped out onto the Avenue and crossed to the park. He missed Smith, but he found it exceedingly pleasant to have one's employer away on fishing trips when one had luncheon dates with ladies.

As he walked southward, flicking an occasional flower with the malacca, there was that in his blood which makes colts lay off the clover and cavort about, kicking their heels high in the air; which makes older horses forget themselves and issue strange guttural sounds; which makes men glad they are florists. Willingdrift was in love.

He continued walking south for some time, occasionally whistling a little and occasionally singing a little until he came to the Plaza where he was to meet his lady.

He saw her when he was walking through the hall from the Fifty-ninth Street to the Fifth Avenue lobby. She was sitting on a sofa behind a palm tree.

"I'd know," he said to himself, "the back of that head anywhere!"

Coyly, with the air of a man half (or twice) his years, he poked his own head through the leaves.

He said, "Yoo-hoo!"

The lady jumped as if a mouse had run across her ankle. Willingdrift, scarlet, drew back. He said, "Oh my God, it's the wrong head!"

The lady had been sitting there to rest for a moment because she felt un-

well and had small patience with this sort of thing.

She said, "I think not!"

She was a large lady and frightened Willingdrift.

He bowed and, considerably sobered, advanced into the lobby. On the other side of it he saw Suzanne and hurried toward her.

She said, "What were you doing?"

"Oh," he said, "it was such a nice day that I thought that was you and—"

"John!"

Willingdrift sensed he had said the wrong thing.

"But it is a nice day."

Suzanne Sharm looked at him. She said, "My show closes tonight."

"That makes it a nicer day," said Willingdrift. "We can be together so much more."

He led the way into the dining room, followed her to a table; ordered. Then he suddenly noticed that something seemed to be wrong.

He said, "You're not worried about anything, are you, Suzanne?"

"No," she said. "Only . . ."

"Only what?"

Had Suzanne been fifteen or even

ten years younger she would have been subtler. She said, "My show closes, John, and I've no money."

Had Willingdrift been fifteen or even ten years younger he would have said, "Quelle shame, quelle shame!" and let it go at that. But he wasn't. He said, "I have some, Suzanne. I'd be honored if you'd let me help."

"Oh, John!" said Suzanne, and they had quite a nice lunch.

Afterward they walked in the park, then teed, then dined and when Willingdrift left her at the theatre and headed for home he was suffused from head to foot in a warm glow and he felt very strong and very protective indeed.

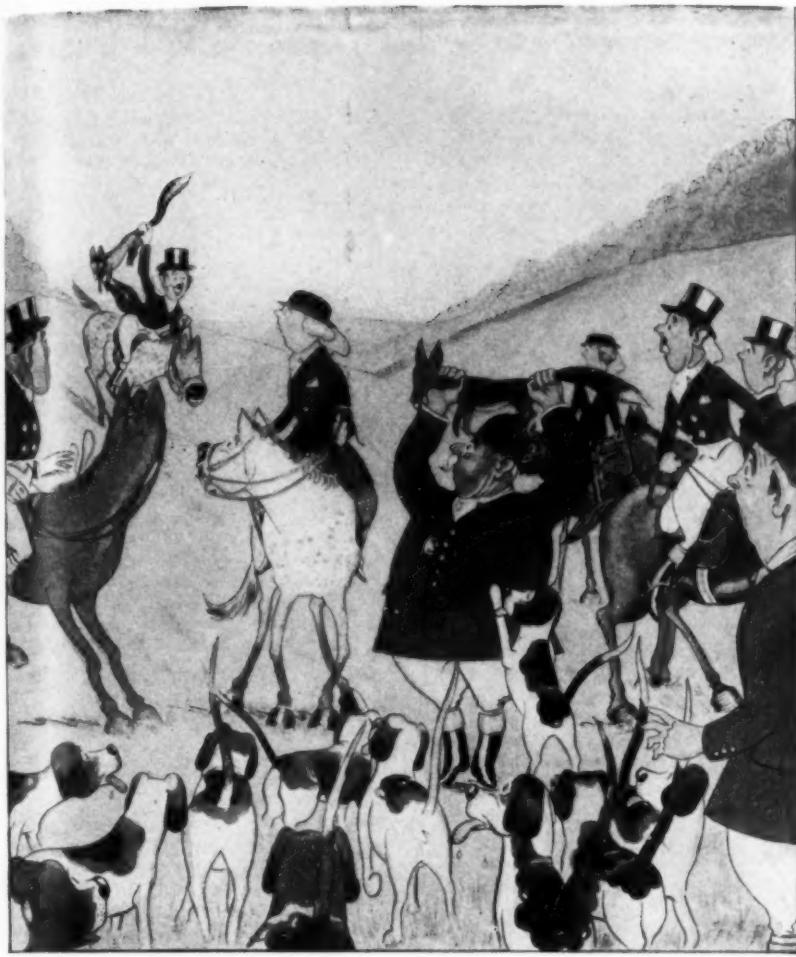
Willingdrift lay awake that night, thinking of the days long ago when he and his love had been troupers together. He went to sleep dreaming of farms in the country. The next day when he called Suzanne he couldn't get her.

The next day he did, and she said she'd meet him—for tea, this time. Suzanne wanted twilight and soft music. Tea cost Willingdrift, not

(Continued on Page 32)



Coyly he poked his head through the leaves.



SOCIAL TRAGEDIES.  
*The Man who found Another One!*  
—*The Tatler.*

"I am just back from India. I have been hunting tigers."

"Have any luck?"

"Splendid! I didn't meet one."

—*Il Travaso, Rome.*

A diplomat is a person who is appointed to avert situations that would never occur if there were no diplomats.

—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

"Lady, you'll have to pay half-fare for that boy."

"But, conductor, he's only four years old."

"Well, he looks like a six-year-old."

"Sir, I have been married only four years."

"Lady, I'm not asking for a confession, I'm asking for a half-fare ticket."

—*Sour Owl.*



RINGER (just returned from abroad): *And is old General Dormer still living?*  
STRINGER: *Well—er—there he is. What's your opinion?*

—*London Opinion.*

## Songlet Of A Flatlet

"To let, small furnished flatlet."—  
Want ad.

\* \* \*

In a small and furnished flatlet,  
With a doglet and a catlet,  
Lived a manlet and his wifelet  
Who were young and newly wed.  
And, considering her agelet  
And the smallness of his wagelet,  
It was quite a comfy lifelet  
They connubially led.

In their, as you might say, hutlet,  
They devoured their daily cutlet,  
And their tealet and their toastlet,  
When their working day was  
through;  
And at times the little flatlet,  
With a "Welcome" on its matlet,  
Would become the perfect hostlet  
To a partylet or two.

Thus it went until the manlet  
Started working on a planlet  
For a houselet with a yardlet  
And a porchlet and a tree;  
Not from any discontentlet  
Or the steepness of the rentlet,  
But with wistful, sweet regardlet  
For a babylet-to-be!  
—*Stoddard King in the Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

"Why are you putting 'personal' on that letter to Mr. Durand?"  
"I want his wife to open it."  
—*Pele Mele, Paris.*

# Confidential Guide

## LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 26

(Listed in the order of their openings)

## Comedy and Drama

- ★**STREET SCENE.** *Ambassador.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—How the other half lives, loves and dies. Elmer Rice's prize-winning drama of the tenements.
- ★**BIRD IN HAND.** *Forty-ninth Street.* \$3.85—Three travelers have a mild adventure in an English inn. John Drinkwater's diverting comedy.
- ★**IT'S A WISE CHILD.** *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A fake stork hovers over a small town and produces a good deal of laughter. Last month of this one.
- ★**STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** *Avon.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—The first American comedy to show sex as charming and amusing and neither tragic nor dirty.
- ★**YOUNG SINNERS.** *Morosco.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The dirty version of "Strictly Dishonorable"—but pretty well done, nevertheless.
- ★**MICHAEL AND MARY.** *Charles Hopkins.* \$4.40—A. A. Milne's nice little play about a devoted couple who get themselves into a dreadful mess.

★**THE FIRST MRS. FRASER.** *Playhouse.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—St. John Ervine's old-fashioned but excellent tea-cup comedy, with Grace George and a perfect cast.

★**TOPAZE.** *Music Box.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—How political grafters get to the head of their profession in France. Marcel Pagnol's richly comic satire.

★**THE LAST MILE.** *Sam H. Harris.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mutiny in the death house. Horror to the saturation point. Worth the night's sleep it will cost you.

**APRON STRINGS.** *Forty-eighth Street.*—A boy manages his love affairs along lines laid down by mamma. Slight comedy.

★**THE GREEN PASTURES.** *Mansfield.* \$4.40—The Bible story through the eyes of the ignorant Southern darky. This year's Pulitzer Prize winner.

**THE BLUE GHOST.** *Forrest.*—Mystery trash.

★**HOTEL UNIVERSE.** *Martin Beck.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A crowd of expatriates in the Midi indulge in an evening of uninterrupted introspective chatter.

★**UNCLE VANYA.** *Cort.* \$3.85—Chekhov's unretouched photograph of Russian life in a fine production by Jed Harris and with Lillian Gish's superb acting.

★**VIRTUE'S BED.** *Hudson.* \$2.50—One of those little things that bloom in the Spring. Nonsense.

**STEPPING SISTERS.** *Royale.*—Another. Piffle.

★**LOST SHEEP.** *Selwyn.* \$3.00—Still another, but with a good cast and based on a good idea.

★**ADA BEATS THE DRUM.** *John Golden.* \$3.85—How much nobler plain folks from the U. S. A. are than them foreigners. Stiff. **LET AND SUBLT.** *Biltmore.*—Another bid for the season's booby prize.

## Musical

★**SONS O' GUNS.** *Imperial.* \$6.60—Lily Damita and Jack Donahue in as gay and colorful a musical as can be found in town.

★**FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN.** *Lyric.* \$6.60—One of the season's favorites. The Americans on the loose in Paris.

★**STRIKE UP THE BAND.** *Times Square.* \$6.60—The musical comedy with an idea in the book. Clark and McCullough and the Gershwin's words and music.

★**SIMPLE SIMON.** *Ziegfeld.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Ed Wynn in a huge and beautiful Ziegfeld show.

**FLYING HIGH.** *Apollo.*—Good tunes, a good show, and the season's funniest comedian—Bert Lahr.

★**THREE LITTLE GIRLS.** *Shubert.* \$5.50—Lavish show from the German mounted on a revolving stage.

## Movies

**THE BIG POND,** **THE ARIZONA KID** and **SONG OF THE FLAME**—In this issue.

**THE DIVORCEE**—Screen version of "Ex-Wife" with a sappy ending. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery give fine performances. For adults.

**THE KING OF JAZZ**—Of course you will go to hear Paul Whiteman's band. The recording is bad in spots.

**THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY**—Nancy Carroll's interesting work in a story that starts well and ends in hysterical nonsense.

**YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN**—Monta Bell makes a fine picture of Katherine Brush's fine story. Applause for Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster.

**REDEMPTION**—Lord knows why they dug this up to convert into a talkie. It makes John Gilbert, Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel look pretty foolish.

**ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—The best propaganda picture against war. Grim and splendid.

**THE SHIP FROM SHANGHAI**—One of the worst. **NEW ADVENTURES OF DR. FU MANCHU**—Another, and probably the last of this "Boo!" series.

**FREE AND EASY**—Buster Keaton gets over in talkies, and his dancing is surprisingly good. **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**—One of the bigger and better wholesale displays of talent. Mitzi Green gives two remarkable imitations. Good fun.

**HOLD EVERYTHING**—How to make a mess of a fine stage show. Joe Brown and Winnie Lightner deserve 10 for effort.

**HIGH SOCIETY BLUES**—For the Janet Gaynor-Charley Farrell fans. We used to be one before they started talking and singing.

**JOURNEY'S END**—Faithful version of the stage play. One of the finest talkies to date.

(Continued on Page 26)



"My wife says if I don't chuck golf she'll leave me."  
"Hard luck, old chap."  
"Yes—I'll miss her."

—London Opinion.



*The sparkling blue  
of SKY and  
WATER  
match the  
sparkling  
vigor of  
their play*

THEY DIVE . . . they swim . . . they golf . . . under an azure sky. Their sun-tanned bodies glisten in the sun. Supple, muscled with steel, they move and health is in every motion. They drink "Canada Dry."

With such bodily vigor, such health, comes an exhilaration, a keenness, a marvelous sustaining quality like that of this fine old beverage, "Canada Dry." For clear as eyes which gaze out to sea . . . cool as the clean breath of the trade winds . . . "Canada Dry" has rightly taken its place as the sportsman's beverage.

It has won the approving nod of connoisseurs . . . served in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . found on the tables of great hotels and restaurants in London, Paris and New York . . . called for at famous clubs the world over.

Try it, yourself! At any time its cooling, refreshing taste adds zest and keenness to the occasion. Order it today in the Hostess Package of twelve bottles.



**"CANADA DRY"**

*The Champagne of Ginger Ales*



*Our Paris Office, Place de la Concorde*

## Going Abroad?

FOR your convenience and protection, we suggest the use of:

**Our Travel Bureaus**—Our eight European Offices are complete American banks. Their facilities are available to our customers and holders of our Letters of Credit. Our London and Paris Offices maintain complete travel bureaus.

**Our Letter of Credit**—safeguarding your funds, while enabling you to obtain cash anywhere. It is also an introduction to our foreign Offices and correspondents.

**A Custody Account**—for the proper care of your securities while you are away. They will be held in our safekeeping, subject to your cabled or other orders, as arranged. We will collect the income and attend to other matters. Our folder, "Your Trip Abroad and This Bank's Service," will be sent on request.

## GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

140 Broadway

Fifth Avenue at 44th Street  
Madison Avenue at 60th Street

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED  
PROFITS MORE THAN \$295,000,000

## Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 24)

### Supper Clubs

\*Dressy  
 C Cover Charge FS Fridays and Saturdays  
 H Headwaiter  
 SMIG The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)  
 BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3rd. Good place. Good show. C.\$3. S.\$4.00. H. Arnold. SMIG.\$4.  
 CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56. Swell place, swell orchestra. \*C.\$5. H. Jimmy. SMIG.\$5.  
 COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. H. Charley. SMIG.\$1.85.  
 DOME, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H. Victor. SMIG. \$4.00.  
 LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. \*C.\$6. H. Maraschino.  
 MONTMARTRE, 50th & B'way. Very nice and always has been. \*C.\$3.  
 ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Very pleasant. Guy Lombardo's music. C.\$2.

### Sheet Music

"Mia Cara" (*The Big Pond*)  
 "You Brought A New Kind Of Love To Me" (*The Big Pond*)  
 "One-Two-Three-Four Rhythm" (*No show*)  
 "Exactly Like You" (*International Revue*)  
 "Ro-Ro-Rollin' Along" (*Near the Rainbow's End*)  
 "Green Pastures" (*Follies Bergere Revue*)  
 "Me And The Girl Next Door" (*No show*)  
 "I Want Someone" (*Jonica*)

### Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 12)

plans, she confided that she intends to stay in town and do research work in her own kitchen, provided she can get suitable co-operation from the Geological Society. The afternoon gone at cards, at which I did gain sixteen dollars, and then to dinner at the Bannings, who had a great cake of angel food for me, and so to see Katherine Cornell in "Dishonoured Lady," a piece in which the heroine comes off so badly that I was at some pains not to stand up and protest when she refused to take the cheque in the last act, failing to grasp how a girl who thought little of committing a murder should split hairs in financial ethics when she was left in the position of the boy on the burning deck.



"Tell me, Professor, do you know 'The Barber of Seville'?"

## LIFE'S Ticket Service

\*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

\*If you are going to be in New York, Life's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach Life Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

\* \* \*

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

\* \* \*

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case Life's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

\* \* \*

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

\* \* \*

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

\* \* \*

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

### LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

60 East 42nd St., New York City

### Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

.....

(Alternates)

.....

(Name)

.....

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed



KING MOB, by Frank K. Notch. *Harcourt Brace & Co.*, \$2. How culture is stung and anaesthetized by mob salesmanship is here shown by applying the acid test to books like *Trader Horn*, *All Quiet*, the works of Arthur Brisbane, *et al*, with other mob manifestations of the great bear market in native intelligence.

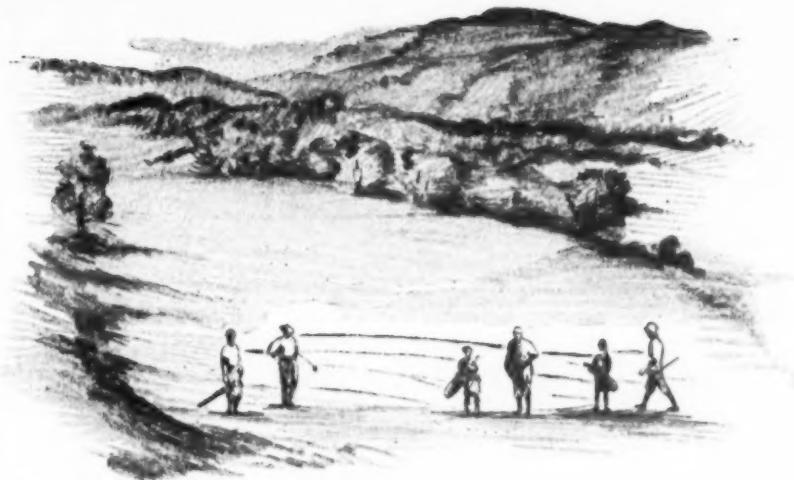
THE SCARAB MURDER CASE (a Philo Vance Story), by S. S. Van Dine. *Scribner's*, \$2. As the wistful reader may by this time suspect, this thriller begins with a fallen body, among properties by the Egyptian Department of the Metropolitan Museum. Philo Vance is getting to be an old model, with doubtful turn-in value. Cleverly constructed tale, but not so good as the *Canary Case*.

MARY GLADSTONE, HER DIARIES AND LETTERS, Edited by Lucy Masterman. *Dutton*, \$6. Intimate disclosures in the lives of many British notables, by an English woman with a genuine sense of humor. An unusually charming book of Victorian domestic uncoverings unaffectedly iconoclastic; and how her slang resembles so much of our own modern varieties!

MRS. GRUNDY, A HISTORY OF FOUR CENTURIES OF MORALS, by Leo Markun. *Appleton*, \$5. A picturesque panorama of prevailing social indiscretions, heralded by John the Baptist, in which Madam Grundy carries us along in a seeing-the-social-world bus. Written with light touches and embellished with cartoons, this makes a rare volume of delicate indelicacies, all much more profound in its historical lesson than appears.

THE SHEPHERD OF GUADLOUPE, by Zane Grey. *Harper*, \$2. Four times we tried to read this terrible ranch tale by the most popular American writer of fiction, and always stuck at page 89: "But, my God!—you can't—you mustn't throw yourself away on a shell of a man like me."

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS, by Don Herold. *Farrar & Rinehart*, \$3. A somewhat humorous autobiography of an extremely individual—if not wholly eccentric—humorist, embellished with pictures of his own making, in which our hero moves through life much as a Ford car becomes a popular vehicle for more or less mirth. —T. L. M.



## Nature's Fairy God-child

GENTLY, Nature stooped over the sleeping land. She waved a strong brown hand. "You shall have beauty," she said, "and warm, sunny days—bracing air—still, starry nights." She stopped and placed a finger on the earth: "and from your heart shall flow streams of healing waters."

So man found Virginia Hot Springs—and was refreshed. As early as 1766, a small hostelry, named The Homestead, was erected where the great modern Homestead now stands. Among its many celebrated guests, when we were still a British colony, were George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton.

Ever since, people of distinction have been coming to The Homestead—always one of the country's foremost hotels. The efficacy of the "cure" has made Virginia Hot Springs the Carlsbad of America. The spring waters are used only as they come bubbling

from the earth—before exposure to the atmosphere modifies their potency. For those who want them are hydrotherapeutic treatments, baths and massage—all under the supervision of skilled physicians. Every year hundreds of guests return to business and social duties, invigorated by the mysterious powers of the waters.

To those who come for pleasure only, The Homestead offers sports suited to every temperament and strength. A brisk canter over wooded hills—leisurely golf on one of the three beautiful Homestead courses—strenuous tennis on marvelous courts—swimming in the pool where the fresh spa water gives the entire body a more healthful glow.

So man has made Nature's fairy god-child—Virginia Hot Springs—into his own special delight—at The Homestead. A well illustrated booklet will be sent you upon request. Kindly write to Christian S. Andersen, Resident Manager.

Reservations and transportation from New York may be secured from the Virginia Hot Springs office in the Ritz-Carlton.

Daily through Pullman service from New York, Detroit, Cleveland and other Ohio cities to the Virginia Hot Springs.

# The HOMESTEAD Hot Springs Virginia

Summer Temperature Averages 66°

2 H-6

## LE MOMENT TERRIBLE

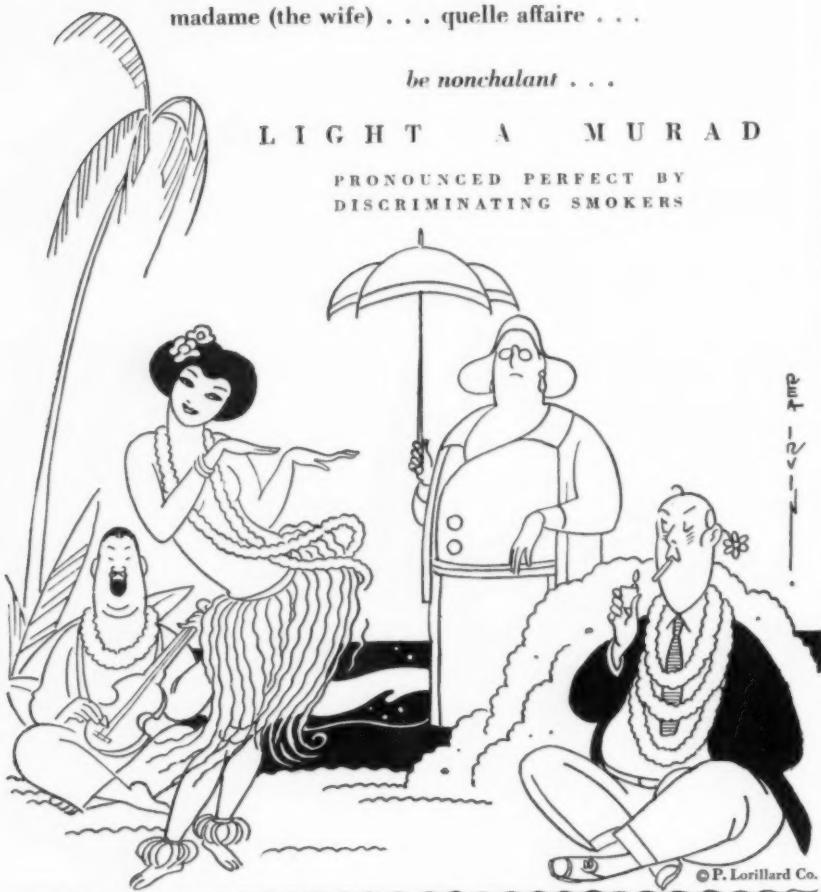
(THE TERRIBLE MOMENT)

If when traveling, you are surprised in a little pic-nic (pronounced peek-neck) by madame (the wife) . . . quelle affaire . . .

*be nonchalant . . .*

## LIGHT A MURAD

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS



(The doctor says)

"You Really Need It  
Every Week!  
Better Subscribe!"

*Life*

unlike other specialists, makes no charge for his advice, but you can rely on it, for all that. For a real mental toning up subscribe to LIFE and keep in touch with the latest and brightest fun of the day, right in the original package. Accept no substitute, but insist upon having LIFE with Its Laugh on Every Page, for your cure. Try it for a year, or try our

### Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

(642)

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York  
Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.60

One year \$5

## A Doctor Offers His Auto For Sale

"You would like to see the auto I advertised for sale? Certainly. Come right in. Miss Scaple, take the gentleman's name and address. Now, this way, please.

"H'm. How long have you needed an auto? When did you first notice that you didn't have one? Have you ever been without an auto before? Were either of your parents ever without one?

"My dear fellow, you must not let it worry you. We are inclined to take these things too seriously. I had a patient once who lived nine years without an auto. But it's better to have the matter attended to at once. One never knows, does one?"

"Here's the auto. There is a slight fracture of the frontal fender on the left side. Nothing serious. Simply an interperiosteal or greenstick fracture. Amputation is not necessary.

"You will find, also, that the other fenders and parts of the body suffer from a very slight epidermidosis. Its exact nature is not important. I advise an application of any standard auto paint. Get a good quality and apply it freely. After it is dry you will find the epidermidosis has entirely disappeared. Thereafter a solution of soap and water rubbed on weekly will prevent a reappearance.

"There, I believe, we have the outstanding symptoms. Let me see! H'm. Can you be here at eleven tomorrow morning? Come in at that time. We must X-ray the motor. That's all for today. Good-bye." —Tom Sims.

SHE: Spring is here.

PROFESSOR: Hum—I have no time today—tell him to come again tomorrow. —Moustique, Charleroi.



The tennis referee goes horseback riding.

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word  
Picture Puzzle No. 38



*Hey, wait until I get this bit of ivory!*

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by  
M. S. Northey,  
23 Chestnut St.,  
Salem, Mass.

Explanation:—*The trophy hunter gets carried away by his hobby.*

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by  
Hester A. Reider,  
1220 High Street,  
Williamsport, Pa.

Explanation:—*"Not me! That elephant is charging too much for it!"*

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by  
K. L. Sicherman,  
720 Church Street,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Explanation:—*An invitation to stick around and make some money on the big game.*

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by  
Florence Wade,  
3129 Garfield,  
Kansas City, Mo.

Explanation:—*Health versus wealth.*

And then there was the Freshman who tried to book a passage to Europe on the S. S. Van Dine.

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

Answers to Anagrins

(on Page 10)

(1) Waster.	(6) Massacre.
(2) Dental.	(7) Reserve.
(3) Parapet.	(8) Trinket.
(4) Parade.	(9) Hostler.
(5) Lariat.	(10) Regent.

DENTIST: Which one do you want pulled?

PULLMAN PORTER: Lower seven.  
—Southern California Wampus.

SHE MERELY CARRIED THE DAISY CHAIN  
... YET SHE HAS

# "ATHLETE'S FOOT!"



So fragile, so freshly feminine, so altogether lovely—the very Spirit of Youth and daintiness to all who beheld her—

Yet even as she trod the velvety green of the campus, a tiny twinge reminded her of that slight rash-like redness that she had noticed lately between her smaller toes—noticed and worried about, for the persistent eruption seemed such a slander upon her daintiness.

She doesn't know it, of course, but her affliction is a most common form of ringworm infection, known to millions in America as "Athlete's Foot"!

\*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,\* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymsnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply everywhere. The United States Public Health Service finds "It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time." And authorities

\*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN too!  
Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan

say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

*It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ*

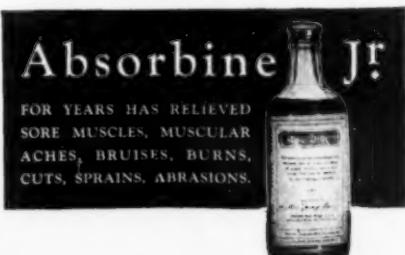
Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it kills the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for distress signals\* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." Don't be fooled by mild symptoms. Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is persistent. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of any one of these distress signals\* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 362 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.





Buying embroidered silks in China  
(Photo taken on first Malolo cruise)

## Around Pacific Cruise

Your most unusual tour  
...to Orient and Indies  
on the great MALOLO

**A**LWAYS they call insistently to you who love romance, beauty, adventure—these strange lands on the second Around Pacific Cruise of the luxurious Malolo.

How different this trip from travel along the beaten path of tourists! Think of shopping for silks and jade and beaten gold in the ancient cities of Japan and China and the Philippines, Siam and Malaya!

Think of meeting Spring in the "Isles of Spice"—the orchid lands of Java and Celebes! Then on to sunny Australia and New Zealand, exotic Fiji and Samoa, and Hawaii, always glorious!

There's no other trip like this! The 23,000-ton Malolo, speed queen of the Pacific, sails September 20 from San Francisco to 19 ports in 12 countries bordering the Pacific. You return December 19—and what Christmas surprises you bring back!

Membership is limited. Fares \$1,500 to \$6,500 cover everything—including shore trips! Ask today for information at Matson Line or American Express Company, joint managers of this exceptional cruise, or your travel agency.

### MATSON LINE AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.

*in cooperation*

MATSON OFFICES (Address Dept. 615)

NEW YORK	535 Fifth Avenue
CHICAGO	140 S. Dearborn St.
SAN FRANCISCO	215 Market St.
LOS ANGELES	723 W. Seventh St.
PORTLAND	271 Pine St.
SEATTLE	1319 Fourth Ave.



### LIFE'S Summer Cottage Contest

What's in a name? Every inhabitant in these United States who happens to own a summer cottage thinks that the name he has painted over the front door is just about as clever as all get out. Well, here's his chance to cash in on it! LIFE will pay \$5 apiece for cottage names that are *really* clever. Come on, you summer cottagers!

JUDGE: How do you know defendant was drunk?

CONSTABLE: Well, when they asked him to open the Flower Show he asked if anyone had a corkscrew and tried to get the show between his knees.

—Smith's Weekly, Sydney.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



FIRE CHIEF: Much obliged, Mr. Jones—yer fire has given me an' th' boys a right snappy workout!



You'll be delighted  
**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**  
in the New Family Size  
Shaker Top Tin

**M**ORE convenient than ever is this new package. So handy for the dressing table, and to slip into your travelling case. More economical, no waste; use only what you need.

Shake Allen's Foot = Ease into your shoes for tired, tender, aching, smarting, perspiring feet, painful corns and bunions and walk all day in comfort. All drug and department stores sell both the old (envelope) package and the new shaker top tin.

For Free Sample and Foot = Ease Walking Doll write to Allen's Foot = Ease, Le Roy, New York

## Allen's Foot-Ease

A customer sat down to table in a smart restaurant and tied his serviette round his neck. The manager, scandalized, called a boy and said to him:

"Try to make him understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done."

Boy (*seriously, to customer*): A shave or hair-cut, sir?

—Pages Gaiés, Yverdon.

"Are there any modern witches?" asks a writer. We haven't noticed anybody flying about on vacuum-cleaners in our district.

—Punch.

No Undesirable Shine.  
A Few Drops Keeps  
Hair Well Groomed.

**GLO-CO**  
LIQUID Hair-Dressing.

### Hangnails?—Why?

Why suffer with unsightly hangnails and risk infection? Trim them neatly with Gem, the pocket manicure. Ideal for trimming, filing, and cleaning nails. Quick, handy! At all drug and cutlery stores. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c (watch-chain model).

The H. C. COOK CO., 7 Beaver St.  
Ansonia, Conn.

**Gem Clippers**



Gem  
Jr.  
35c

## Rotogravure Rash

DOCTOR (*feeling patient's pulse*): When did you first notice these symptoms, Mrs. Case?

PATIENT: Monday morning. Things were blurred. Black spots and pictures of débutantes at the Court of Saint James' clouded my vision.

DOCTOR: Put out your tongue and say: "Ah." . . . Hmm. You have a bad throat there. Have you been swallowing everything you read, Mrs. Case?

PATIENT: I'm a perfect fiend for the rotogravures, Doctor. It must be chronic. My husband has warned me over and over again that I mustn't touch the brown sheet until he's examined it thoroughly. He even snatches it away from me and then feeds me in small doses throughout the day.

DOCTOR: I know the symptoms, Mrs. Case. But, everything in moderation, you know. You're getting too many Hoover and Byrd pictures. Your skin shows it only too plainly. I don't mind your taking a few mild pictures occasionally. Say, "The Yanks Win," or "June Queen at Mt. Holyoke," or even "Tomb of Egyptian King Unearthed," but you *must* go easy on close-ups of Senatorial candidates until this condition clears up.

PATIENT: Can't I even look at pictures of Mahatma Gandhi?

DOCTOR: That would be *fatal*, Mrs. Case. In fact, I think I'll have you cut out the Sunday papers entirely and go on a strict diet of dailies. Take the editorial page of the *Times* between meals and drink plenty of water. Cut out the acidy fruits and pictures of yacht races.

PATIENT: I had "tabloids" when I was a child. I thought it was impossible to catch it a second time.

DOCTOR: The best thing for your general health is to leave all of them alone for a while. Of course, Mrs. Case, if you wish to start a log fire with the picture section I have no objections; but don't get them near an open cut or in front of the eyes.

—Jack Cluett.



MOTHER: Take it like a good boy and I'll buy a nice present tomorrow.  
JAMES, JR.: Put that in writing!



THE INCREASING USE OF THE TELEPHONE REQUIRES THE EXPENDITURE OF HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS ANNUALLY FOR EXTENSIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS

## It keeps faith with your needs

*An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

You have found a constantly growing use for the telephone. You have learned its value in business. You have found it helpful in keeping contact with family and friends. Its increasing use has given the telephone its humanly important place in modern life and requires the expenditure of hundreds of millions annually for extensions and improvements.

In 1929 the Bell System's additions, betterments and replacements, with new manufacturing facilities, meant an expenditure of 633 million dollars. During 1930 this total will be more than 700 millions.

Definite improvements in your service result from a program of this size and kind. They start with the average time required to put in your telephone—which in five years has been cut nearly in half. They range through the other

branches of your service, even to calls for distant points—so that all but a very few of them are now completed while you remain at the telephone.

In order to give the most effective, as well as the most economical service, the operation of the Bell System is carried on by 24 Associated Companies, each attuned to the part of the country it serves.

The Bell Laboratories are constantly engaged in telephone research. The Western Electric Company is manufacturing the precision equipment needed by the System. The staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is developing better methods for the use of the operating companies.

It is the aim of the Bell System continually to furnish a better telephone service for the nation.



### Results of Loser's Contest No. 2

(In May 2nd Issue)

1st Prize—\$0.25 won by Elsie Dunnet, Avonlea, Sask., Can.

2nd Prize—\$0.50 won by M. DeRemer, Detroit, Mich.

3rd Prize—\$0.75 won by Minnie Pitou, Byron, Calif.

4th Prize—\$1.00 won by G. W. Walker, Minneapolis, Minn.

5th Prize—\$1.25 won by H. F. Kennerley, Sacramento, Calif.

6th Prize—\$1.50 won by F. A. Winsor, Winnipeg, Can.

7th Prize—\$1.75 won by M. B. Lewis, Fort Davis, Canal Zone.

8th Prize—\$2.00 won by W. L. Faurot, San Francisco, Calif.

9th Prize—\$3.00 won by Robert Powers, Elmont, N. Y.

10th Prize—\$4.00 won by Irene Leyden, St. Paul, Minn.

11th Prize—\$5.00 won by J. L. Thurston, Johnson City, Tenn.

12th Prize—\$6.00 won by Hiram R. Smith, Aurora, Ind.

13th Prize—\$7.00 won by A. J. Manson, St. Stephen, N. B., Can.

14th Prize—\$8.00 won by J. J. Kearns, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

15th Prize—\$10.00 won by Herbert Farrow, Portland, Ore.

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THE TANG OF GOOD OLD ALE

At the better clubs, hotels and restaurants  
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## Willingdrift

(Continued from Page 22)

counting the check, exactly five hundred dollars. Suzanne told him she had to have that because what he'd given her the first time had almost all been owed. Willingdrift went home that night feeling pretty strong and pretty protective and a little helpless. He was beginning to wonder, as he lay abed, whether it really was wise to fan into flame a fire that made such pretty embers.

But in the morning he saw from his window that it was still springtime and a bird across the street looked at him and said insinuating things and Willingdrift called up Suzanne.

They met for dinner; at Duveen's, where he had first taken her. He noticed she was pale and seemed intensely nervous. With the coffee it came. She said, "John, I'm broke."

"Already?"

"Already?" There was a note in Suzanne's voice he didn't quite like. "What do you mean, already?"

"I've given you," he said, "a thousand dollars this week. What have you spent it on?"

"That's my business," said Suzanne, and Willingdrift stopped wondering about old fires and embers and began wondering if he had been wise to let this lady know he was still alive when so many people that once wanted quite badly to see him, believed he was dead. He said, "I can't give you any more."

"And why not?"

He smiled at her patiently, as a judge might smile at a juvenile delinquent arrested for trying to beat up his mother. He said, "You see, I'm a butler, and butler's don't make very much money—even in America!"

Suzanne stared at him. Her face went whiter than ever. Then it crimsoned.

"You, a butler?"

"Why, yes," said Willingdrift. "Why not? You know I always played butler parts in England in the troupe. When I came over here to hide—" he laughed. "Why," he said, "I knew how to be a butler. I've been buttling ever since."

"You," she said again, "a common servant, and you had the nerve and the crust to take me to dinner." Her eyes narrowed. "Where did you get all the money you've been flashing?"

"I've saved," said Willingdrift. "I couldn't go out much, you know. Someone might have recognized me."

Suzanne seemed to be thinking. It didn't make her any prettier. Willingdrift sat and suffered. Presently she held out her hand. She said, "I could overlook a lot John, for another five hundred."

He stood up. He said, "I helped you at first because I thought I loved you." He laughed again. "Why, I was going to ask you to marry me today!"

She stood up, too, facing him.

"Remember what I told you?" She was talking out of the side of her mouth; bitter. "About forgiving you for what you did back in England? And about loving you?" She laughed now. "Applesauce," she said. "I thought from your clothes you had a roll. I should play around with servants! The nerve of it!"

Then she hauled off and slapped him. He bowed, for such was his way, and got his hat. He went outside and started to walk home. He was wishing with all his might that the family would come home. Then as his mind cleared in the night air a fear came to him.

"Suppose," he said, "she gives it away!"

He was almost home before he noticed it had been raining and that he was soaking wet.



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June 6, 1930

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JULIA: Do you think it's unlucky to postpone a wedding?

FRANK: Not if you keep on doing it.

—Boston Transcript.



"As fer me, I'd ruther eat!"

It is stated that there are in America "blow-fish," which blow themselves out until they are several times their right size. In England this enlargement is reserved for the angler. —Punch.

"Do you ever agree with your wife?"

"I did once. When our house was burned down we both tried to get out of the front door at the same time."

—Nebelspalter, Zurich.

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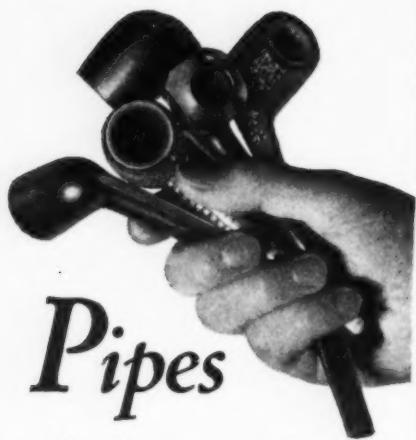
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Now let the Edgeworth come!      L-31

### Vitamins Aiding Growth Found in Watermelons

U. S. BUREAU REVEALS PRESENCE OF  
A, C, B CALORIES AND SEEDS.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—Refreshing, juicy, fine flavored watermelons have still another virtue for the consumer who is interested in heat units and doesn't mind wet seeds or juice running down his chin. Watermelons have been found by the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture to be a good source of two important vitamins, A and C, and to contain certain delectable amounts of B and G, or watermelon pickle, which will be put up by cousin Annie late this fall. The growth and good physical condition of the laboratory animals in the tests for each vitamin indicated that watermelons, while consisting of  $\frac{3}{4}$  water and  $\frac{1}{4}$  land, were being stolen by colored folks and used on picture post cards of Pickaninnies. All the experimental animals ate the watermelon readily and the guinea pigs developed a keen alacrity for shooting the slippery seeds across the dining room table at their young sister, Ellen.

The feeding experiments were confined to the Tom Watson variety of watermelon and a deep fingerbowl. Other red-fleshed varieties are similar to the Tom Watson in structure, but instead of vitamins A and C, they have nocturne in F sharp and too damn much pith. The Tom Watson watermelon, as the name implies, was called after its inventor Lord Kelvin, who was the first man to discover that the best way to avoid swallowing the seeds is to give every melon to the Bureau of Home Economics in the interest of humanity and plant a large field of buckwheat in place of a melon patch, from now on.

—J. C.



HOUSEWIFE: No, I haven't any work for you, but we're terribly in need of a fourth at bridge.



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SOPRANO: Did you notice how my voice filled the auditorium yesterday?

ALTO: Yes, and I also noticed that some of the audience left to make room for it.



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## Life in Society



### Buy Crullers for Charity

*Mrs. David Flagstaff and Mrs. Irma Cashmir buying their allotment of doughnuts at the Bound Brook Charity Bazaar. The chairman of the flower booth has just inverted a basket of peach blossoms on the head of the two girls, who are shown above plotting to pelt the chairman with greasy pastry and sugar-coated goodies.*

A luncheon bridge opened the Spring activities at the Rye Country Club. Mrs. W. H. Peels of Bronxville is golf captain this season, which is one of the hazards the greens committee ought to consider at their next meeting.

The Manhasset Garden Club will meet tomorrow at the home of Mrs. W. L. Humphreys to discuss pansies and a young Mrs. Edwards who moved in next door.

Mrs. George Stokes-Furness will entertain today at her home in Limpid Waters for the Bay Shore Garden Club. An informal tulip show by the members will be a feature of the program. Every member of the club is requested to bring an informal tulip.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Slater are completing extensive alterations on their house, Fallen Arches, at Bayville, L. I. In several days the house will be ready for Mr. and Mrs. Slater, who are sailing for Panama on their yacht, Betty R.

Mrs. David R. Woodbridge entertained the Wethersfield Garden Club yesterday afternoon at her home. Alexander Seibert spoke to the perennials.

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## LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 43

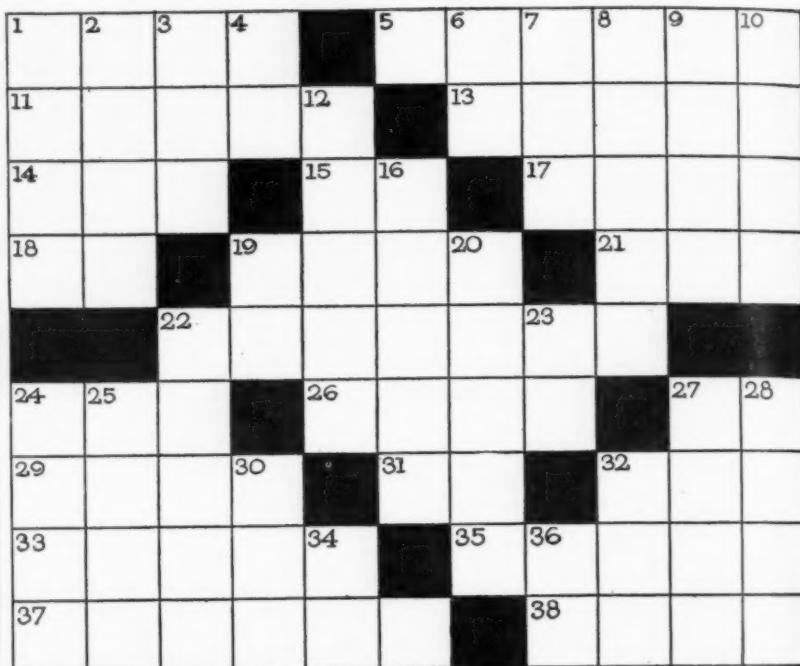
\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you solve the puzzle and get the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanation by those who have correctly solved the puzzle and found the correct title. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, June 20. Winners will appear in the July 11 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York.



### ACROSS

1. Exclamation of surprise.
5. What the worm did.
11. A worse thing to lose than money.
13. Try this on your piano.
14. What convicts fight to get.
15. This comes before lunch.
17. Your first appearance.
18. A sign of manhood.
19. Home of our best known twins.
21. The law covering this will be changed.
22. Pains in the neck (slang).
24. Pain in the neck (good English).
26. The kind of flying Lindbergh has given up.
27. Exist.
29. Some people never have one.
31. Where the Yanks come from. (Abbr.)
32. Neck feathers.
33. What a Swedish masseur is.
35. Boxes.
37. Because we all make mistakes.
38. Your bridge opponents.

### DOWN

1. Ritzy pronoun.
2. Between midnight and one.
3. Mound Builder.
4. Toward.
6. A hard thing to get in the morning.
7. How it all started.
8. Approaches.
9. Unbleached.
10. To regard.
12. What your wife does when you are late.
16. City in Georgia.
19. Yes—it's Spanish.
20. Woman's greatest problem.
22. Heard by many and appreciated by few.
23. For the use of good little girls.
24. What you pay for a ticket.
25. Your nose knows.
27. After dinner speaker.
28. Cinch.
30. Jack what?
32. Nonsense!
34. Engineer's degree.
36. This starts pouring and ends tight.

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Serve twice daily for one week to start the benefits; once daily thereafter to maintain them. If not the most delicious rice flakes, or if they don't make good our claims your grocer will gladly refund the purchase price.

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He will tell you about the effects of cereal-cellulose in the absorption of moisture and the resulting bulk.

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*Makers of the "57 Varieties"*



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